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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Society Women and the Stage—Mrs. Potter's Future—A Prattler Who Can Fill Her Pocketbook—Margaret Mather's Marriage—A Triumph of Management—A Play Built Round One Situation—An Analysis of Walda Lamar—Its Complications and Its Absurdities—Zelie de Lussan's Cork Leg.

We are now, you will observe, getting the regulation bulletins by cable through the daily papers of Mrs. Brown Potter's professional movements. There is possible objection to be made by the profession itself to her choice, if she can act. There is, on the other hand, good reason to welcome ladies from society into the ranks of dramatic workers if they are ambitious and clever, for the stage is too often recruited from an idle, ignorant and adventurous class.

But Mrs. Potter's agents, and presumably Mrs. Potter herself, depends more upon society than upon talent and honesty of purpose for her success on the stage. Else would she not go straight to the Prince of Wales, as she evidently has done. We are informed by cable that her triumph is assured—because the Prince is her devoted friend. "I have authority for saying," cables the *World* correspondent, "that Mrs. Potter's engagement at the Haymarket has been made on the advice of the Prince."

He might have added, if he had been frank, that "it is confidently expected here that the Prince's patronage will enable her to make a hundred thousand dollars, irrespective of her talents, when she returns to the United States."

You see the "Prince of Wales snap" punctured the professional sincerity. We at once begin to suspect that Mrs. Potter does not depend upon her talent; has no confidence in her ability.

The question comes up right here—if the Prince of Wales' patronage ensures success on the professional stage, how about the earnest and gifted women who cannot secure his patronage—and wouldn't it if they could?

Is professional advancement altogether a matter of favoritism?

Luckily for professional actresses, this question is answered in the affirmative only by women who do not expect to depend on their abilities, and preserve throughout a most chilling contempt for the public to whom they pretend to appeal.

I had the opportunity to hear Mrs. Brown Potter once. She recited. I also saw her play a part. She did not impress me with her beauty or her talents. She carried with her the air of a spoiled favorite, who could do or not do many things with impunity. And her circle of admirers corroborated the impression she created.

Now I hear her again. She is three thousand miles away. But a newspaper correspondent is interviewing her, and this is what she says:

"My contract was drawn by Mr. George Lewis. It ought to be a good one, oughtn't it? Everyone thinks it covers him with glory and fills my pocketbook!"

Sic itur ad astra!
There is no doubt that such a prattler can fill her pocketbook.

But can a full pocketbook establish her fame as an actress?

A hundred women of indifferent fame will rise up and with one voice answer, "Yes."

The marriage, without cards, of Margaret Mather rounds up with matrimony an unusually successful career as a star. I don't think Miss Mather quite fulfilled the promise of her debut, outside of New England. She is not as great histrionically as some of us expected she would be, and I cannot help feeling that her pecuniary success was owing as much to her manager as to her ability. Mr. J. M. Hill thoroughly believed in her, and what is more, he made all the people between Bangor and Bridgeport believe in her, too.

But she reached her zenith a year ago; it was evident then to the shrewdest of her critics that she could get no farther. It will be a long time before she gets another manager to build Romeo and Juliet for her as Mr. Hill did.

I cannot help thinking that were she to stop now and go into stage history, she would appear there as a triumph of management.

Her one great merit was the power of expressing amatory passion. She shone in mad love scenes like a peony, where Mary Ander-

son glistened like a camellia. But she lacked intellectual breadth. The individuality she gave to her work was a matter of temperament, not of character.

Speaking of Mather—who can hardly be said to have made herself—rather to have been made by contract—brings up her antithesis—the woman who depends wholly upon herself.

And that woman produced on Monday night a new play at the Lyceum.

The intelligent first-night audience which always comes to this house to give its respect and hearty good wishes to the woman who has done so much for good taste, was sorely puzzled in judgment at Walda Lamar.

It was so thoroughly French in its construction, in its ethical motive and in its moral, that Mr. Henry Wertheimer did not have to tell us where he got it.

It is built round one situation—and I suppose you know that a Frenchman always lays

woman tells her the truth, and she starts for the wedding, arriving at the chateau just before the ceremony begins. She stalks into the drawing-room and demands to see the Duke.

This personage comes to her tremblingly. He is terribly frightened. He is brave enough to consummate a wrong, but not strong enough to assert it. The passionate strength of the outraged woman borrows its effectiveness from his weakness. He appeals to her, he explains, he swears that he loves her but is compelled to take this step. She is implacable, vindictive, violent, because she loves him. She talks about a "higher law"—namely the law of vengeance, which was made by God, and believes that in some barbaric and inscrutable way it is one of the inalienable rights of love.

Finally, not being physically strong enough to murder the Duke on his father-in-law's carpet—physiological defect which she believes to

fixes upon him the crime of attempting her life, and falls into the tableau.

Here the second act ends.

What there is in this exhibition of vindictive selfishness that wins the Duke I could not see. But win him it does. He was capable of loving one woman and deserting her for another. He wasn't even frank enough to tell her the truth. He seemed to think in the first act that the responsibilities of his family's social position were of more weight than his manhood or his conscience. So it isn't strange perhaps that in the third act he should be won to tenderness and forgiveness by the woman's attempt to kill herself. Uncontrollable violence is often mistaken for deep-seated affection by playwrights.

The would-be suicide doesn't die. She recovers. The second act ends with the suspicion of murder hanging over the Duke. The third act goes on with the victim recovering.

There is one thing that turns this stony-hearted pagan into a woman at the last moment.

What do you suppose it is?

It is the rich dress of Miss Ida Vernon. When the mother of the Duke is let in, gorgeous in her sorrow, and poses in inarticulate grief, it is too much for Walda. She takes in the costume and the pose, and breaks down. "This, this," she mutters between her sobs, "is more than I bargained for." Ida Vernon closes her eyes as if about to swoon. Walda's heart is touched. She is born again. She exonerates the Duke. Then the Duchess exclaims, "My daughter!" and Walda cries "Mother!" and prepares to leave. The Duke says "Stay. I have learned to love you. That exhibition of character with the dagger, and your strength of mind in trying to have me executed as a murderer, have torn the scales from my eyes. Walda, I love you!"

Walda looks at him with unmistakable eloquence. Her heart says: "I knew it. I felt it. If one will only carry Heaven's decrees of vengeance far enough, love will reign."

Some narrow-minded spectators of this French exposition of morals were stupid enough to ask what becomes of the wrong inflicted on the poor little bride!

These people are unreasonable. They ought to be able to see that if the Duke once set out to act from a sense of right that he would have to marry both the women, and he couldn't do that, now could he, even in a French play?

You see the playwright's mistake is in supposing the audience's sympathies will go out to a woman who takes the law into her own hands.

The fact is, the sympathy of the audience lingered after the play with the little woman who took off her orange-blossoms and went away in silence and in sorrow and wasn't heard of any more.

For she was the only really innocent victim in the plot.

In this drama Miss Dauvray stepped from comedy to passion, and her impersonation of the impulsive pagan had many points of strong merit. I was very much struck with her delineation of a reckless and determined woman's impulse and impatience in the second act, when the Duke's friend is trying to coax her to abandon her purpose. I think that little bit is worth studying if you want to see how good an artist Miss Dauvray is. She doesn't reason. She doesn't even listen. But, woman like, she closes every faculty of her mind with a slam, and fixes her apprehension on her wrong, without a word. "Talk on," she seems to say; "I do not hear you. I have no ears, no regrets, no reason—only one impulse."

In the scene of the attempted suicide she won the audience completely and was recalled several times.

I felt a little sorry for Salvini in the part of the Duke. The character is an unworthy one, and not even so fine an actor as Salvini can do much with a role that is without a conviction. A good square villain is as essential to art as is an honest hero. But a man who is neither one nor the other, and who muddles the eternal canons of right and wrong—being a poltroon in his honesty and a milkop in his villainy—is simply intolerable.

I have heard that a certain order of men, car drivers for example, do now and then make their wives love them by using a table leg or a poker. The police court continually puts in evidence the fact that masculine violence does not always lessen a woman's affection for a man. But outside of Walda Lamar I have no reliable information that violence in a woman excites a tender affection in the masculine heart.

Miss Dauvray will not suffer from the criticisms of this play. The one situation of it is a triumph of production and acting. And the mere fact that she continues to produce new plays, accepting the risks of authorship and vindicating her own enterprise and ability in spite of the mistakes of authors, places her in the front rank of intelligent theatre workers who continually give us something to talk about and almost always something to admire.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—The story in the Sunday *Sun* about the Boston Ideals, which contained the startling insinuation that Zelie de Lussan refused to appear in tights because she has knock-knees, is worthy of my friend "The Champion Squibbist." The fact is Zelie has a cork leg, as anybody but a champion squibbist could see with half an eye, when she danced in *Vernon's* the *Bluesocking*. The Boston Ideals want to



LILLY GRUBB.

down a cornerstone before erecting a play. Having postulated a crisis, he then proceeds, with very little regard to the logic of events or the laws of right or wrong, to ornament his structure and achieve effectiveness.

Walda Lamar will not bear close analysis. The playwright, being a constructor and not a philosopher, succeeded only in being effective, not in being true or even sagacious.

You are required to give your sympathy to Walda, who is drawn as a vindictive pagan woman, actuated by a love for the Duke de St. Germain, which love is of the outworn and savage kind that attempts to consummate itself with hate.

The Duke professes to love her; she believes him and sincerely loves him in return. But family affairs compel him to break off the amour and marry a girl in society. He bids her farewell without telling her the truth, and goes home to the wedding. An envious

be the injustice of heaven—she attempts to kill herself. He seizes her, wrests the dagger from her, but only after she has struck it into her breast. The wedding guests, bride and family then rush in to find her dying and the Duke standing over her with the bloody weapon in his hand.

This is the great situation of the play.

They lift her up and beg of her to say, before she expires, who did it. For a moment the strange compound of violence and passion which she calls love is abeyant. She cannot with her dying breath commit so great an infamy as to charge an innocent man with the crime. Her eyes rove over the group of terror-stricken people and fall upon the bride, arrayed for the wedding. That settles it. It is not a question of ethics at all; it is a question of millinery. The white dress of the bride determines this heroine's action. She lifts her finger, and, pointing at the Duke,

but the penalty unremoved. Everything depends upon the woman's exoneration. If she will only say she did it herself. Her silence appears to fill the Duke with a holy and chastened desire to marry her.

He reasons in this way: "A woman who will kill herself whenever she cannot have her own way, is too precious to love. I haven't appreciated her, by half. Besides, it would be unmanly in me to ask her to tell the truth. That I can never do."

But his friends urge her to tell it. She looks at them implacably. "Let justice take its course," she heroically remarks, without the faintest idea of what justice is, or how it would affect the play if it took its course. Her notion is that justice is the consecration of a lie with a dagger. They appeal to her to save the Duke. But it doesn't occur to them that she has saved him by not dying.

pieces because n-w wine was put into old bottles. On the Zelle nights the entire population wanted to go to the theatre. On the other nights the entire population wanted to go somewhere else. This is the effect of a cork leg. If the other prima donnas in the company had only been possessed of cork legs and voices there would have been no trouble. The Boston Ideals was an old bottle. Zelle was the new wine.

N. C.

At the Theatres.

LYCEUM THEATRE—WALDA LAMAR.

Paul de St. Germain..... Alexander Salvini
Andre de Latour..... E. H. Sothern
Romainville..... J. W. Pickett
Comte de Valdaire..... I. E. Whiting
Chevalier de Monval..... J. G. Saville
Vladimir..... William Payson
Monsieur Lecocq..... G. F. De Vere
Adele Regnier..... Adeline Stanhope
Duchess de St. Germain..... Ida Vernon
Louise de Valdaire..... Kaid Leale

One oyster doesn't make a stew, one swallow a Summer, or one situation a play. But Henri Wertheimer thought differently when he ransacked the French drama to build Walda Lamar. Perhaps he has amended his judgment since the first-night jury brought in their verdict. There is this to say for Mr. Wertheimer, that something like a presentment of the decision must have oppressed his soul, for he didn't come near the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night, and Miss Dauvray, without being asked to do so, appeared between the acts and told the people that nervousness kept him away.

Whatever else may be said of Miss Dauvray's work, it is at least considered of so much interest that her *premieres* draw possibly the most select and refined gatherings to be found under the roof of a metropolitan theatre. She seems to have won the support of the upper ten, and in that exalted patronage she finds encouragement and applause beyond her individual deserts as an actress.

It is strange to observe how the artistic defects of a professional are allowed to pass unobserved when that professional combines managing with acting. Conscientious and liberal effort in the former line cloaks every sort of dramatic sin in the latter, when the experimental stage is passed. It has been so in the cases of Charles Kean, Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett, and it is so in a comparatively humble way with Miss Dauvray. The actor, no matter about his faults, who can enter the field of management, armed with pluck, persistence and the mighty dollar, is more than likely finally to edge his way into popularity.

Walda Lamar is such a peculiarly bad play that its demolition does not require the expenditure of much critical ammunition. It has one strong situation, which in the hands of Modjeska would be dramatically impressive, but which Miss Dauvray is unequal to. It is where the heroine, who has cream of Tartar blood in her fierce young veins, finding her noble lover false and about to be married to a sweet young thing in sun's veiling, stabs herself and by a gesture accuses the aforesaid recalcitrant of the crime. This is novel, if not natural. She does it because she loves him. Great love makes great sacrifices, but we are asked to believe that Walda's devotion to Paul is noble and not lustful. Her scheme smacks more of the enraged French courtesan than the self-sacrificing woman. And how Paul, after this exhibition of vengeful passion, can give Walda his heart and hand is only conceivable in the mind of a French author. But Paul is a whimpering cad. He is no better than Walda, and she is no better than she ought to be.

Indeed, Mr. Wertheimer introduces us into very bad society generally. All his characters save one—and that a minor one—are unpleasant specimens of the human kind. Paul is a coward as well as a cad; Walda is a creature whose lust is greater than her love; Adele is a scheming prostitute; Andre is a liar and an accomplice in Paul's double villainy; Romainville is a barefaced Jeremy Diddler; the Count sees his daughter jilted for a discarded mistress without a murmur, and De Monval is a co-conspirator with Adele.

Could anything more unsavory be imagined? Nothing, unless it be the dialogue and the generally unwholesome atmosphere of the play. The lines are a fair imitation of Dumas. They abound in sophistry, cheap philosophy and the utter artificiality that betokens a false view of French society and its customs. Not one of the characters is made to utter a sincere thought or to display the slightest degree of delicacy or fine feeling. A man is allowed to talk with his ex-mistress about his feelings for the reigning favorite, to deceive her and then grovel at her feet, to cast off his pure and innocent fiancée and marry the violent woman that has frightened him into something weakly approximating love for her. False—all false—from the inception. The construction of the piece is extraordinary. There are eighteen characters, and twelve of them are wholly superfluous. Many of them are brought on for one scene or act and then disappear entirely. The first act gives promise because we have not yet penetrated the pugilist stupidity of the plot; the second act is enlivened by the situation before described, and the third drops into wild absurdity.

A more inconsistent, incomplete and uninteresting play than Walda Lamar we have not seen in a long while, and our experience has been large.

Miss Dauvray was unwise to present herself in a hysterical role. She is not an emotional

actress. Her bouncing walk denotes the soubrette; her attempts to portray the passions of love, hate and revenge remind one of a comedienne trying unsuccessfully to be serious. And that is exactly the situation. Miss Dauvray is essentially a comedienne. Her emotional flights are serio-comic. See can no more rise to the height of feeling required than her diminutive figure can expand to a commanding degree. She does not stir the heart, for she cannot. She merely ruffles her feathers and strives to stand on her toes. Of course Miss Dauvray manifests intelligence. She cannot help doing that even when she is completely out of her element. When Lotta can play Miss Multon and Annie Pixley becomes Lady Macbeth we will then accept Miss Dauvray as something else than a mixture of soubrette and comedienne. She was painstaking and earnest, at all events. It is not her fault that nature designed her for laughing purposes—it is her fate, and we are not sorry either, for there are enough women on the boards who can tear their hair and harrow our feelings artistically, and we are grateful for stray rays of sunshine like Miss Dauvray.

Mr. Salvini was most ungratefully placed. He acted Paul probably as well as anybody could act an alleged hero that is positively unmanly and unsympathetic. Mr. Sothern was honest and effective as Andre—the most satisfactory work of the evening. Mr. Pickett excited our commiseration, as anybody must who is put on to be funny without any material to be funny with. Adele, the actress, introduced Miss Stanhope to the Lyceum stage. She is a fine-looking woman, with a broad, dramatic style, and her efforts were so satisfactory in the first act that we were sorry to find that she had nothing more to do, a candle having overturned in her dressing-room at the Odeon, and forced her to remain in hospital until Walda's amour was ready to be enacted on Tuesday night. Miss Vernon gave a conventional picture of the stage mother with a large supply of sobs on hand to be pumped up, as occasion required. The play was charmingly equipped in the scenic way.

WINDSOR THEATRE.—DOLLARS AND DIMES.

Captain Patrick O'Shaughnessy..... Charles Bowser
Frank O'Neil..... Edward Poland
Elliot Craven..... Leighton Baker
Gerald Goldheart..... J. F. Brien
Dennis O'Reafferty..... Thomas Q. Seabrooke
Gaffer Giblin, aged eighty..... George M. Kidder
Eleanor, known as Mrs. Gray..... Helen Blythe
Edith, the Professor's daughter..... Blanche Plunkett
Nellie, the daughter..... Alice Gray
Marigold M. May, from Massachusetts..... Elvia Crox

Only a fair audience greeted Charles Bowser and his company in Dollars and Dimes at the Windsor Theatre on Monday. The play is a conventional British melodrama that has been tampered with in an effort to introduce a star part. The scene of the prologue—changed from the original—is laid in New York City, in the counting-room of Goldheart and Craven, merchants. Craven, the wicked partner, has designs upon the wife of Goldheart. The husband has just arrived from a long business trip abroad. Craven has done some juggling with the correspondence between husband and wife, and made it appear that the former is faithless. He induces Mrs. Goldheart to elope with him, leaving two children behind. He also robs and bankrupts his partner. The wife has no guilty motive in eloping, and in the sequel is shown never to have sinned. Act I. is Harbor Hall, Devonshire, the residence of Patrick O'Shaughnessy, a retired Irish sea-captain. (Twelve years elapse between prologue and Act I.) A kind-hearted, middle-aged American lady, known as Mrs. Gray, is the Captain's housekeeper. Near by lives a family consisting of a father, two daughters and a serving-maid—a Yankee girl from Massachusetts. The father is known as "The Professor," and there is a mystery about the family. Craven appears upon the scene with designs upon the Captain's pocketbook and upon the honor of one of the Professor's daughters. He is suddenly confronted by Mrs. Gray, and then each learns that the other was not lost in the wreck of the ship in which they had embarked. In the complications that ensue the villain is of course balked at every turn; the Captain's pocketbook is untouched; the honor of the girl is saved; the wife's honor is found to be unimpaired; the villain is killed; husband (the Professor) and wife are reunited, and the curtain descends with the giving in marriage of the Professor's elder daughter to the Captain's nephew and the Yankee serving-maid to Denis, the Captain's serving-man.

There is no star part in the drama. Captain O'Shaughnessy is not prominent enough, although no doubt the part has been elaborated. In the original it was probably an eccentric bit of comedy. Mr. Bowser struggled through it, and occasionally made a good point and roused the audience to laughter or applause. His acting and make-up were excellent, but his Irish dialect was only fair. Helen Blythe played the sorrowing wife with great effect, especially in the scene with her daughters, where she implores them to recognize her as their mother, and also in the reconciliation scene with her husband, J. F. Brien, in a Silver-Kingish make-up, was dignified and quietly forceful as Gerald Goldheart (the Professor). His scenes with his daughters were invested with tenderness, and with his wife and the villain with much power. Leighton Baker did earnest work in the part of Craven, and made it sufficiently villainous to invoke hisses. Thomas Q. Seabrooke managed to extract a good measure of "fun

for the boys" out of the conventional Irish part of Dennis O'Reafferty, deeply in love with Marigold M. May, from Massachusetts. In this latter part a distinct hit was made by Elvia Crox, a pretty, winning little woman of the brunette type. Her gay spirits and clever comedy lit up many dull spots. But her high-kicking might be modified, and some of the slang in her lines and a "risky" speech or two cut out. As Edith, the Professor's eldest daughter, Blanche Plunkett was sympathetic and rather charming. As Nellie, the younger daughter, Alice Gray was the opposite. It must be admitted that there was considerable applause and enthusiasm as the play progressed. There were frequent recalls of the principals, and twice the whole company passed before the curtain. Next week, the Mestayers and their jolly crowd in *We, Us & Co.*

Certainly it is something so novel to hear absolutely distinct articulation in singing that it would be worth going to see Milton Nobles' admirable play of *Love and Law* at the People's Theatre this week if only for the satisfaction of hearing plainly every word of the songs—Dollie Nobles sings. We mean on the score of enunciation. Her singing voice is sweet in the lower notes, though not very strong, and she well merited the encores with which the audience greeted her. Her acting as the Italian girl Ritta was natural, spirited and piquante, showing her to be possessed of the instinctive dramatic power as distinguished from mere histrionic culture. In this respect Fanny Sprague as Helen Montague may be classed as an example of ability derived rather from study than from the possession of inborn talent. Florence Vinton as Mrs. Tarbox made a very passable landlady. For clever make-up and spirited mimicry really we think that Kitty O'Rourke, the Irish servant girl, as presented by May Bardell, takes the eclat. Mary Davenport's Italian crone, Rosa, was well conceived.

The burden of the piece rests to a great extent upon Felix O'Paff, the lawyer, a part which is played by Milton Nobles in a way that seems to have a sort of magnetic influence in bringing up the whole company to "concert pitch." L. R. Willard's Sir Randall Burns does not afford much scope for acting. Septimus Sawyer, the lawyer, was satisfactorily performed by Willie B. Wright. Louis F. Howard as Giovanni Conti, the organ-grinder, was worthy of serious mention as a finished and artistic performance of a difficult part. Jasper Craddock was acted by George R. Sprague. Jemmie Nipper was played by John H. Ready, and Ferdinand Hoffmeir by Max Fehrmann. The staging was good. The view of New York Bay, with the statue of Liberty as seen from Staten Island (from the brush of Henry Hoyt), was a really effective. Next week, *Passing Shadows*.

The Kiralfy company presented the *Ratcatcher* to a crowded audience on Monday night at the Grand Opera House—indeed anything save a large gathering at this popular resort is exceptional. Hubert Wilke has made the part of Siegfried, the piper, quite his own, and on this occasion his dashing acting and brilliant singing gave unbounded delight to the spectators. At the end of the fourth act he was called before the curtain. With one or two exceptions the cast was wretched. One of the exceptions was Louise Muldener, who played Hilda, the Burgomaster's daughter, prettily.

The ballet was well drilled, and the principals, while not of the first or even second rank, seemed to please the observers of their graceful gyrations. Their costumes were clean and attractive, but the dresses of the corymbes would be the better for washing. Some of the lights were palpably darned and all of them looked unclean. The Kiralfys appear to have an aversion to needless expenditures on soap and friction. The scenery has become very shabby, and so The Ratcatcher, taken as an entirety, presents a cheap and faded appearance. Next week, W. J. Scanlan will be seen in *Shane na Lawn*.

Dockstader's present bill is a source of hearty enjoyment. It contains many clever features. The permanency of this establishment is assured. Good taste and liberality have placed it upon a substantial footing.

Jim the Penman will run at the Madison Square until May. Its hold upon the public fancy is most tenacious. The strength of the play, the collective excellence of the cast and the unexceptionable tone of the production form an unflinching topic of discussion among play-goers.

People who go late to Harrigan's now are likely as not to go away again unable to secure seats, for McNooney's Visit and standing-room are becoming well nigh synonymous. The comedy is the hit of the season at the Park, and satisfaction is consequently depicted on every face before and behind the footlights.

The Old Homestead has been prolonged at the Fourteenth Street Theatre beyond its originally contemplated sojourn. The delightful New England idyl has won all hearts.

The Mirror was almost alone in condemning Harbor Lights on its production at Wal-lack's. We said that it was cheap and trashy and utterly unworthy the consideration of an

intelligent audience. But the usual number of journalistic pop-guns poured forth a fusillade of feeble arguments in favor of its popular acceptance, and we were in the minority for the time being. Now our judgment is vindicated by Mr. Wallack himself, who shows what a sham the zealously proclaimed success of the piece was by announcing its withdrawal this week. We are heartily glad for this result, because the success of a nalled-up affair like Harbor Lights would have indicated that public taste in New York hangs on a lower peg than we believe it does.

Mr. Mansfield's engagement at the Union Square finishes on Saturday night. Next week Agnes Herndon will produce The Commercial Tourist's Bride, a play in which she has been starring for several weeks.

The Skating Rink is filling in the time pleasantly at the Bijou, while rehearsals of Big Pony are going on. This is said to be the first attempt to introduce the American Indian into comic opera. Whether this choice of subject was made with the one idea of doing something American, or only on account of the unadorned picturesqueness of the native savage, it is hard to say. But the notion is unique, and satire cannot go much farther than the librettist has here gone in making the fighting chief of the Umbilicas import the red-handed men and fierce customs of the East to bring his tribe up to their native ferocity. Big Pony, who abducts an entire chorus, appears to do so with the one purpose of infusing comic opera into the reservation, and his liberal offer of money to Joseph Howard, Jr., and Mrs. Jennie June Croly to accept tepees on his happy hunting grounds shows what a keen sense of humor the advanced savage has.

A Rag Baby is the attraction this week at Niblo's and, as has been the case whenever this trifle has been presented in this city, the houses are good.

The Athenaeum company of Boston furnishes the diverting specialty bill at Tony Pastor's this week.

The Musical Mirror.

Since the production of the Dutchman last week, the National Opera company have given, up to the date of this writing, The Huguenots, Faust and Aida, the last at the Saturday matinee. Instead of commenting on these representations in detail, it may be well to give a general review of the subject, and examine how far the management has fulfilled the promises of its programme and justified the expectations which the public has been led by various causes to entertain.

First, as to the orchestra, it is pleasant to say again what the public knew before, that the company has handsomely kept its promise. Thomas and his band have been famous for too many years in all matters of symphonic execution to challenge our criticism or need our praise. They show, in operatic work, all their familiar virtues—finish, neatness, promptness, accuracy and spirit. In such works as The Huguenots or Faust it is a keen pleasure to listen to the accompaniments, abstractly, and purely as orchestral work. But with the virtues of a symphony conductor Thomas has some of the defects. He used to play Beethoven and Schumann a trifle faster than the received traditions. In leading an opera, he sometimes shows the contrary fault; he drags the time a little, and fails to work his singers up to the highest pitch of snap and dramatic fire. Witness, to go no further, the heavy way in which Mephisto sang his ballad on Friday under Gretchen's window. But this calmness stands him in good stead in fortissimo passages and *tutti*, when he never overtops and drowns his voices with blare of brass and crash of drum. That orchestra of "salt-box, tongs and bones," which a great poet has stigmatized as peculiar to Verdi's operas, becomes in Thomas' hands a delicate and sympathetic instrument, and in the very whirlwind of his passion he begets a temperance which may give it smoothness.

The staging was excellent. Much of the scenery, especially in Faust and Aida, was artistically good and beautiful beyond the average, and the dressing has been both rich and handsome. In the matter of stage device and machinery we have yet something to learn from European theatres. When Mephistopheles at the Kirmess draws his demon drink from the barrel-head, it is usual here to let off a sputtering little twopenny cracker, which acts and looks as unlike fluid as possible. At the Grand Opera, by a well known and beautiful physical device, a brilliant stream of blood-red wine pours into a basin, which flames up in crimson, blue and yellow in a properly fiendish way. Apparently the machinist at the Metropolitan gave up the problem in despair, and the wine—on true total-abstinence principles—was left to the imagination. Nor should Faust, in order to rejuvenate himself, walk off into a corner and soberly unbutton his garments as if he thought of going to bed. There are wires and tricks for doing this better, and if we are to have optical illusion at all, it is well to do it thoroughly.

The choral work, in all three representations, may be heartily praised. With the co-operation of the School it is at all times possible to put on a body of well-trained choristers, whose appear-

ance and singing make the half-dozen incompetent scarecrows of Maplesonian tradition a shuddering memory. In consideration of the curious antiseptic properties of the artistic career, as illustrated by those mossy relics, the fresh young people of Mr. Thomas' chorus may be congratulated on having before them an almost indefinite term of usefulness.

In *ensemble*, therefore, the company has fairly done what it promised. As regards individual artists, in view of the noticeable falling off of late years in the supply of really good singers, and the exorbitant prices demanded by the few who remain, it was not to be expected that the company should give opera with anything claiming to be a star cast. Personal and private considerations, with which the public is only indirectly concerned, have wrought havoc in their ranks. If the National Opera company really deserves its name, it is a national disaster to have lost the services of Fursch-Madi and Hastreiter—the former one of the most finished artists, and the latter possessed of one of the most glorious voices ever heard on the New York stage. The company still numbers two excellent sopranis. Pauline L'Allemand may safely be called one of the foremost *bravura* singers of the day. For refined lyric work she is completely satisfactory, as exemplified by her personation of the Queen in The Huguenots on Wednesday. Her clear, silvery, flexible voice, though perhaps a trifle cold in tone and without sufficient breath and volume for strong dramatic singing, is finely effective in all work calling for delicacy and finish of execution. Her promptness of attack, steady intonation and sustenance of note, cleanness of scales and general good taste and self-possession, make her a delight to the cultivated ear, while a pleasing person and easy freedom of movement and carriage are equally grateful to the eye. Miss Juch's merits have already been discussed in these columns. She sang Margaret very charmingly on Friday, though much better from the lyric point of view than the dramatic.

Bertha Pierson, after a debut as Valentine in The Huguenots, sang Aida on Saturday. In both roles she was but measurably satisfactory. She has a powerful, heavy voice, not very well joined where the higher and lower registers meet, but possessing some strong, clear upper notes of good carrying quality. She has an imposing and handsome person, poses well, and acts with freedom and dramatic fire. Her radical defect is a coarse, incorrect method and phrasing in medium passages, and an utter incapacity to sing cantabile. At such points her faulty delivery and unsteadiness in sustenance are very trying. A mischievous critic once remarked of a singer cursed with a frightful *vibrato*, that she did not warble, she wobbled. If there is one feature of a good singer more characteristic than another, it is his power to attack his note promptly and accurately and hold it firmly when he has hit it. Singers of less skill or taste forget, this and wobble to an excess which fills sensitive hearers with a tendency to homicide.

The same blame attaches to Jessie Bartlett Davis, who makes a pretty page but an indifferent singer, with a tendency to slide down her scales like a schoolgirl on a toboggan, instead of neatly picking her way down by the steps.

Of Cornelia Van Zanten, who sang Amneris on Saturday, it will be more fitting to speak after fuller hearing. She appears to have a powerful contralto, which she uses with a hard and faulty method and defective intonation. She has, however, plenty of energy and fire, and, dramatically speaking, gave the part a satisfactory interpretation.

Candidus made an indifferent Raoul and an unsatisfactory Rhadames. Both parts call for a good dramatic tenor, and this Mr. Candidus is not. His voice is thin and wiry, with no color or resonance in the lower registers, and apt to break if forced. Nor does he atone for vocal defects by his action, which is cold and embarrassed. Mr. Bassett has a naturally sweet voice of rather uneven quality, and a vocal method as yet primitive and untrained. His Faust was but moderately acceptable, musically speaking, and lacked dramatic strength.

Ludwig is an interesting artist, with a great deal of dramatic intensity, a manly presence and a naturally rich, fine baritone, all which good things he frequently impairs by his guttural, unsteady delivery and his hurtful habit of declaiming his passionate phrases instead of singing them. Much of the splendid scene with Rhadames and Aida, before the temple, was injured in this way.

The production of Lakmé, at the Metropolitan, on Monday of this week, only serves to confirm our praise of the setting hitherto presented. The scene in the square was a really gorgeous picture of Oriental architecture and costumes, blazing with color, and dazzling with its kaleidoscopic blending and shifting of forms and tints. The jungle scene, too, was highly realistic and tasteful.

Pauline L'Allemand quite outdid herself in the title role, and her Bell song was redeemed with complimentary but rather indiscreet persistence. Bassett, as the young English soldier, did noticeably better than in Faust. He seems unable to form his tones properly in medium passages, but, at stress, he brings out some clear prolonged upper notes of lovely quality. With study,

much may be hoped of him. Stoddard sang excellently, and acted well as the fanatic Nilakantha and Amanda Fabris, who made her debut as the Governor's daughter, gave an agreeable rendering of her slight part. She appears, at first hearing, to have a very pure and flexible, though light, soprano, and a refined, correct style. It will be interesting to hear her later in more prominent work. Of Misses Philipps and Ritchie and Messrs. Whitney, Lee and Fessenden, who have all done good service during the week, lack of space forbids minutest mention till another number.

On Monday the musical clans will muster in force to one of the great events of the season, the production of Rubinstein's *Nero*, and the critics are already pondering the probability of finding in the operatic composer the same genius which has been shown in his other work as a tone-poet.

Ruddy-gore is not by any means drawing full houses, but according to the terms of Mr. Stetson's contract it cannot be withdrawn until the receipts fall below a certain stipulated point.—At the Casino, since the beginning of Ernie's run, there has scarcely been a time that the management have not been preparing to celebrate some point in its career. Just now they are getting ready some commemorative features for the forthcoming 30th performance.—Tuneful Lorraine has drawn good houses to the Star, although the members of the cast have been bobbing up and down strangely, if not serenely. Herndon Mossell (baritone) has been singing the title-role in place of Signor Perugini, while Miss Griswold (soprano) has been on the sick-list, and Miss Verena (nothing in particular) has made her absence a poignant regret by unsuccessfully attempting to fill the vacant place.

Orthoepy.

Obesity. Miss Nellie Wetherill errs in making the *e* of this word long. It is long in *obese* and in *obeseness*, but short in *obesity*. Some of the vowels are habitually rather badly treated by certain members of Mr. Harrigan's company. For example, the *i* in *give*, the *o* in *word*, the *u* absolute, and so on.

Frequent. If Miss Ellie Wilton persists in putting the accent on the first syllable of this verb, we shall think she dates back to the first quarter of the century at the least. This was Webster's accentuation, but is not the accentuation of the Webster's Dictionary of to-day. All the orthoepists now accent the second syllable.

Progress. Here again Miss Wilton's orthoepy is a bit archaic; she prefers to sound the *e* of this substantive long, whereas our contemporaries unite in sounding it short. Yet despite these little preferences that are at variance with what is nowadays considered the best usage, Miss Wilton's Mrs. Vane was, to my mind, the most satisfactory personation in the recent representations of *Masks and Faces* at the Lyceum.

Underneath. Mr. Saville would hunt in vain, I think, for an authority for putting the accent on the first syllable of this word. It is painfully evident that Mr. Saville has never been a very close student of accents or vowel sounds.

Service. Mr. Whiting pronounces this word as though it were written *survive*. In doing so, he does as many cultured Americans do, but not as those Americans do that are careful to conform to the best usage. The *e* of *service*, and of a long list of words, has not properly the sound of *u* in *surge*, nor of *e* in *seraph*; it has a sound peculiar to itself. Though in some respects Miss Dauvray's utterance of the *e*, as far as I have observed, is always quite correct. The sound occurs in French, a language Miss Dauvray seems to be familiar with.

Friend. Miss Dauvray's manner of pronouncing the letter *r*, meet with it where she may, is not English: it's Continental, and smacks of affectation.

Adverse. Miss Dauvray errs in accenting the second syllable of the word. The first is the accented syllable.

Eloquent. Miss Dauvray's pronunciation would be bettered if she would be more careful with her utterance of the final unaccented syllables. For example, *once* should not be sounded *unce*, nor *ent*, *unt*. ALFRED AYRES.

The New Minstrels.

"Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels will start out about August 1," said Barney Fagan to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "most probably in the West. There will be about forty-five people in the company, with Rice and Sweatnam at the ends and myself in the middle. I have conceived an idea for a first-part of a sensational order, which I am having patented and copyrighted. In the line of song-and-dance acts I have also evolved a new and novel idea, which is a total departure from all stereotyped acts of the kind, and in fact the show throughout—everything appertaining to the parade, the dressing, the style of performance, etc.—will be entirely new.

"As for the costuming, it will be most elaborate. Costumers are at work now, and a number of mechanics are busy constructing the first part. Ours will be exclusively a city show, with exceptions only when we are compelled to play small towns to escape big jumps. The company is to be organized in New York, and will rehearse for three weeks preparatory to starting out. Among the features will be several imported novelties, both in singing and specialty business, besides which all the names and faces will be new, each man in each department being selected from the best.

"I would like to give THE MIRROR the names of some of our people, but it is impossible. Managers of big troupes of the kind, no matter how friendly, are sure to be wary of and antagonistic to a concern like ours, which goes out so exquisitely equipped and so able to cope with the most determined opposition. I will say, though, that the expenses of the minstrels will be very great, and that the cost of equipment before a mile of travel is made will be fully \$25,000."

The Giddy Gusher.



Probably no name in the world announced as that of a dying man could have so affected New York as did Henry Ward Beecher's, when Saturday morning the startling headline "Beecher is Dying" went through the land. It is nonsense to say, as some papers have, that Garfield's or Grant's taking off were events of similar consequence. Only that Guiteau was born was Garfield's death a matter of any account to any one outside his family. And when the history of the United States is twenty years older it will be very funny to read about Ulysses S. Grant.

There's no possible doubt that Henry Ward Beecher is the biggest man America has yet produced. He certainly was five years ago. Pretty soon people will begin to remember that the last year the great orator was not at his best. You know you don't see the change in a member of your family till some semi-occasional visitor points it out. The parishioners of Plymouth Church may not think so, but about three or four times a year I have been accustomed to hear Mr. Beecher, and though to the last a head and shoulders above any other pulpit occupant in the land, there was a dimness on the face of the diamond.

I have told you about my internal thermometer that registers to the section of a degree the value of the performance.

In Beecher's atmosphere that unflinching indicator used to be plum up. Therefore was I surprised, when I heard him on his return from Europe, to find the mercury stopped at the same spot as for Conkling, or Gough, or Evarts. No word of his hoisted it a notch further. So I said: "Something is wrong. Mr. Beecher is under the weather. Ill go over again soon."

And so I did, but with the same result. That wonderful clutch he used to have on the very heart of his listeners had weakened. Eloquent, original, logical still—something had breathed upon the crystal polish of that mirror-like mind.

I wouldn't wonder when all is over if others do not begin to recollect that there was a change the last year.

Mr. Beecher owed his towering position to his oratorical abilities. He will never read as he has heard. Little Rev. Dr. Sawedoff Salvation may pipe the sermons of Beecher without creating a ripple, and old Pontius Pilate Pentateuch, professor of theology, may ding extracts from Beecher into the noddles of his class without making any vibration of the cerebellum. But those very sermons and extracts moved multitudes with profound emotions when aided by the wondrous personal magnetism of Henry Ward Beecher.

Then, again, the great ordeal of his career crowned him a king.

I remember one morning at the Glen House in the White Mountains. I got in from a very eventful and exciting expedition with news that about two miles and a half up the Mount Washington horseback road I had seen a splendid eagle perched high on a niche in the rock. By 10 o'clock word came he was still there, and all the men in the hotel went off to shoot it. The big surrounding mountains reverberated for hours with the sharp crack of rifles. By noon that was the most remarkable bird ever heard of. He had been hit time and again, but he turned his calm gaze on his assailants and smiled superior to their puny onslaught. I went up and sat on a stone for hours, and watched the target excursion's practice. Every man laid down his gun after a whack at him, and gave it as his opinion that that bird was boss of the world.

A bird you can't kill with a shotgun or a rifle, a bird who flops his head at you and laughs (they all saw him laugh), must bear a charmed life, and in proportion to the efforts made to kill him that fellow's reputation grew. For a week things went on. The eagle changed his place and sat on another inaccessible rock, and then went back to the old spot. People blazed away. The humane visitors interfered. After the first week no one was allowed to shoot at him. Boston parsons stood round and bade us see how he—

Watched from his mountain walls
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Only he didn't fall.

This thing went on till it was discovered that a stuffed eagle had been stolen from the Crawford Notch House, and examination blew

my little game. I had a forty foot wire around the neck and body of my noble bird, and he was anchored by two pieces of pig-iron that weighed thirty pounds. I used to nearly break my neck scaling impossible places and lowering Mr. Eagle to coigns of vantage twenty-five or thirty feet below, fasten my wire and crawl back to safety and the bridle-path, reach the hotel, and discover him again in a new place. (It never struck folks that I always found him when he moved.) When the Crawford Notch man got back his eagle it was as full of shot as Mark Twain's bullfrog. His neck was broken in several places but, held together by the wire, it had wobbled in a life-like manner and encouraged folks to waste ammunition. But many a visitor left the Glen House to tell of that magnificent eagle and go to the grave believing that was the invulnerable, unassailable king of the air he saw on Mount Washington.

So, after the shot-guns of scandal and the rifles of the law failed to bring Beecher down, he took a high flight from which, "like a thunderbolt, he falls" to-day, and no pig iron or wire has been discovered to account for his holding so long an invulnerable front and an inaccessible position.

The man or woman who weathers a big storm can carry more canvas thereafter than the craft that never felt a blow.

What a contract that person has got who undertakes to man that Plymouth Church pulpit. It will be about as easy as for Marshall Wilder to wear Beecher's clothes.

Speaking of Marshall Wilder, that ubiquitous and cheery little man will be sailing away soon to fill engagements in London. He wants to take Mrs. Alice Shaw with him—I earnestly desire that a titled young idiot who was here for a week this Winter shall hear Miss Shaw. This young cub arrived at the Brevoort and went out three times during the week that the *Ethiopia* was in port, in company with his valet. He came on the *Ethiopia* and went back on the *Ethiopia*.

"Didn't like Americans at all." He conversed with just five Americans while he was here. I was one of 'em, and he said to me:

"You're weally a wonderful wace of cweachers."

"Didn't you ever know any Yankees on the other side?"

"Yes, I met a few. I have a friend who has a taste for that sort of thing. She introduced me to Detchcon and Mr. Frank Lincoln and Mr. Marshall Wilder. What queer noises you Americans can make in your thwotes, don't you know?"

Great Scott! that Charlotte Russe thought we were all ventriloquists and mug-pullers. I think I disappointed him somewhat, but Miss Shaw will re-establish his belief in the executive capacity of Americans.

Labouchere should send over here for Henry Guy Carleton. They have a bond of sympathy in their estimation of Irving Bishop—"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

It seems to me Mr. Carleton's theory that Bishop hit on Gramercy Park in his late experiment by the muscular action of the committee's hand passing over the map of New York City, is very weak. The map wasn't as big as a morning paper and Colonel Tom Knox's hand covered Central Park and the Battery when laid tenderly on the roof of the Lotos Club. Mr. Carleton probably feels the weakness of the explanation, since he bolsters it up by mysterious allusions to Dr. Hoyt. They had a merry old row in London over Bishop. It's very likely we'll have one here. If there's any fight in that doctor and he reads the suggestive paragraphs about him in the papers, he'll go for somebody sure.

Mr. Bishop's performance was funny, anyway. I shan't soon forget the spectacle of an apparently condemned man riding to execution in a black cap drawn over his face, and three sane and intelligent citizens warming their hands at the back of his head. It was a cleverly performed piece of business, especially the escape of the committee with whole anatomies. When in doubt always take the trick—that's according to Hoyt, I believe, and so I enjoyed Mr. Bishop's seance very much. Being a mind-reader myself, I know he thinks Labouchere and *Truth* need Carleton more than Pulitzer and the *World*. They should be united. It would be a case of Henry Guy Carleton. Whether Carleton could guy Labouchere is quite another thing.

A young man in St. Paul writes me that he has "quite a knack of imitation and recitation," and asks me "if there is room in New York for another Nat Goodwin." Well, I've been making inquiries, and can truthfully say, there is not. Nat fills the vacuum—friends and enemies concur in that. It wouldn't be well for us if there were more of him. Nat is a daisy. There are many daisies in the ordinary field, but the dramatic field admits of but one such. I don't wish to discourage a young man from St. Paul, but really there is no room for another Nat Goodwin in New York. There are broken hearts enough in the city without another crusher. But what sublime confidence animates these innocents! All that young man wants is to know that there's a place for another Nat Goodwin. He's able and ready to step in.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has got an en-

agement, and a salary she speaks of with awe. Now let's see what she will do to earn it. It's one thing to be a fashionable amateur and play at acting to a party of admiring friends. It's quite another to do the regular thing, surrounded by professionals, for a cold-blooded, critical audience who have paid ten shillings a head and are going to get their money's worth.

An injudicious rumor has it that the lady, in the first flush of her triumph, with her contract clasped to her bosom, said she was "going to elevate the stage."

Ye gods on high Olympus! A long limbed, not over pretty woman, born in the purple, yet wanting the ability necessary to hold the enviable position she inherited and married into—no Rachel, no Clara Morris—she, forsooth, is going to elevate the stage! By what means? is the next pertinent or impertinent question.

The women who elevate the stage are such as Charlotte Cushman, Elizabeth Ponzi, Helena Modjeska, Mary Anderson—no society pets wandering upon the stage with a box of caramels in one hand and a silver card-case in the other. They didn't tear themselves away from poundcake and ice-cream to smile over the footlights at astonished friends. Bitter poverty and actual talent attended their advent on the stage, and by characters of genius and purity such as those women possess, the stage will always be elevated.

I have seen Mrs. J. B. Potter act, and heard her recite, and about four score more of the same calibre—from out the same class—and I must say they all appear about alike. The success of Mrs. Langtry must not be expected of every good-looking woman on whom Albert Edward has smiled. Lily Langtry is the cleverest business manager I ever met—bar none. She is a physical triumph. She had the prestige of several seasons of social success, and the tremendous advertising of a variety of scandals.

Not one of these adjuncts will attend Mrs. Potter's debut.

By George! The lady may want a derrick to elevate her own spirits, let alone the stage by which she proposes to hoist. Take it easy, Maria. You will have lots to do besides taking up the stage a peg, or I am no

GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Feb. 24.

A sort of lull has come over the dramatic world since my last letter. No new piece of any importance has been produced, and the matinees have for the time being ceased from troubling. The most noteworthy event of the week has been the midnight dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, which took place at Willis' Rooms on Shrove Tuesday, and lasted till goodness knows what time Ash Wednesday morning. Many of the mummies who assisted thereat are even now suffering from the effects thereof. The time selected was about as unsuitable as can well be imagined for all save members of the theatrical profession, and as the success of this function depends far more upon public than professional patronage, it is not easy to say why the old rule was departed from. The explanation given by the Fund officials is that they had captured Charles Wyndham for their chairman, and as Charles declined to close his theatre in honor of the occasion, they were perforce obliged to do as they did. Whether the game was worth the candle is another matter. Formerly the dinner was held on Ash Wednesday, because of the compulsory closing of all London theatres on that evening was supposed to give actors the opportunity of assisting. As, however, they usually stayed away in their thousands, this made little enough difference, anyhow. Now that the old restriction with regard to Ash Wednesday performances is removed, they have a better excuse; but this by the way. It is to be hoped that the executive will be better advised next year. Wyndham's health was proposed by Mr. O'Hagan with considerable enthusiasm—considerable, that is, considering the differences of opinion which have lately arisen between W. and O'H. on the subject of The Noble Vagabond and the continuance of that piece upon the Princess' stage. Wyndham replied in lively terms. He deprecated O'Hagan's praise as calculated to destroy a modesty which he (Wyndham) had sedulously cultivated since his early experience on the stage. Waxing autobiographical, he then said that his first manager, after announcing his engagement as that of "a gifted young actor," gave him his notice in three days and recommended him to become a trapezist. He went to the United States and joined Mrs. John Wood's company, in which he was cast for a character who was "shortly going to South America." The *Herald*, in criticising the performance, said the sooner he went there the better. Returning to England, he essayed the part of Shaun the Post at Liverpool, and again a lesson in modesty was administered him by a critic who considered his brogue bad enough to cause a Fenian rising. Wyndham's speech was received with cheers. The subscription list, however, fell short of the amounts collected in previous years.

The oldest theatrical manager in England died last Saturday morning at Newcastle-on-Tyne. His name was E. D. Davis, and he was in his eighty-first year. It was under

Mr. Davis' management at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, in 1835, that Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage as Orleans in *Richelieu*.

Our brisk little contemporary, the *Stage*, has had a waltz composed all to itself. The composer is Mr. George Beddie. It is called "The Stage Waltz," and bears on its front page a counterfeit presentment of the paper itself, surrounded by colored decorations.

Our Mr. Irving closed the Lyceum last night on account of its being Ash Wednesday. As I have already explained, according to recent legislation, H. I. need not have done this; but seeing that parsons and other people who would shudder at theatricals generally, patronize this house, Irving perhaps did wisely to show this deference to his patrons' religious susceptibilities. Irving is a shrewd man and a politic, and he has usually good grounds for what he does. He spent the evening, not in holiday-making, but in reading. That is to say, he went round to the Birkbeck Institute in Chancery Lane and read (or, rather, recited, for he seldom looked at the book) a well-known play called *Hamlet*. This he did in accordance with a promise he made some time ago that he would do something to help swell the building fund of the aforesaid Institute, whose evening classes, by the way, Playwright Pinero was wont to attend ere he took to playing-acting under Irving. Pinero was a good actor, and his *Roderigo*, which he played to Edwin Booth and Irving at the Lyceum, was the best I ever saw.

But to resume. Of course the hall was crowded to its utmost limit and many folk of light and leading, including several ecclesiastical dignitaries, "assisted." Ellen Terry and party occupied several stalls, and the popular actress had a tremendous reception on entering. Irving omitted the fourth act, which is chiefly devoted to the troubles of the fair Ophelia, and he did not stop, as the manner of some is, to give off the names of all the characters every time they cropped up. For three hours, barring a slight interval for refreshment, did Irving recite, holding the audience enthralled by his intense, albeit natural, elocution, for Irving is at all these times less manneristic than he sometimes is in tragedy. It was all very fine, and a special hit was made by him in the low comedy business, giving, as it were, a good foretaste of what we may expect when Irving comes out as Touchstone, as he thinks of doing later on.

The case of Templeton vs. Edwards, to which I alluded last week, came on for argument on Monday in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Fay, as I told you, had been requested by the Gaiety manager to resign the part of Fernand in *Monte Cristo Junior*. This she had refused to do and was accordingly given notice to quit. This she refused to accept, and gained, as you know, an interim injunction last Thursday to prevent Edwards from putting any one else into the part. Edwards' defense on Monday was that Miss Templeton had acted in defiance of the rules and regulations of the theatre in not altering her dress, or the want of it, after the Lord Chamberlain had complained thereof; also in refusing to sing her song, "I Like It," one night after it had been cut out the night before, etc., etc. To this Fay replied that the dress in question had been given her by the management, that she had altered it as requested, and that she had not broken the theatre rules. Also that she had never seen any rules in the theatre. After a good deal of sparring about, the Judge held that Miss Templeton's remedy lay in an action for breach of contract, and that therefore the injunction which the lady had recently obtained should not be continued. That same night Fernand was played by Miss Billie Barlow, who had been doubling the parts of the boatswain and Carconte. Billie is coming on rapidly. Her playing of Edmond Dantes a few weeks ago, during Miss Farren's absence, did her a deal of good.

Other changes have been made in the cast of *Monte Cristo Junior*. Marion Hood, who has been scoring so heartily in *Dorothy*, is now the Mercedes, in place of Agnes Delaportie, who leaves to go on tour with La Béarnaise. Miss Hood is a sweet singer, and she makes a great success in the part, to which some fresh songs have been added. Several other numbers have been turned on. These include a new melody for Miss Farren, of all her most successful Gaiety songs, and a new finale to Act II; also a rollicking Irish ditty called "The Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army," written by R. Martin for E. J. Lonnien, who plays De Villefort.

The Gaiety has also a new curtain raiser, by Malcolm C. Salaman. This is called *Dimity's Dilemma*, and shows the troubles that befall Old S. Dimity, a widower, who in order to pay court to a lady who objects to widowers, passes as a bachelor. Among other woes his son turns up at the same hotel with a bride with whom he has just eloped, and this lady is taken to be Old Dimity's wife, and for a while all is chaos. It is a bright, brisk little piece, and was warmly received on its first production a day or two ago. The chief parts are played, and on the whole played well, by George Honey (son of the late popular actor of that name), G. Stone, Miss F. Beale and the aforesaid Billie Barlow.

In *Dorothy*, which is still doing well at its new home, the Prince of Wales, changes have also been made. Mari: Tempest, a most melodious singer, replaces Miss Hood in the name-part; Ben Davies (late of Carl Rosa and Co.) has most successfully scored in the tenor-horn (originally sustained by Redfern Hollins), and Florence Dysart, a young and beautiful contralto, has returned to play her original character, Lydia Hawthorne, which has in the interim been filled by Edith Leslie Chester (whom Americans will remember as a member of the Rosina Vokes crowd awhile ago). Miss Chester retired from the stage some months last Friday, as she has booked a date to be married to a gentleman of high birth and said to be enormously rich. Bless you, my children! is the benediction of the potent, grown and reverend GAWAIN.

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Rosina Vokes is excessively funny, and Little Weeden Grossmuth exceedingly so; but I do not think much of A. W. Pinner's three-act farce of "The Schoolmistress," in which they appear at the Park Theatre, on Tuesday last. To be sure, it affords ample opportunities for character acting, and introduces a jolly case at the end of the second act; but the success of these does not belong to the author, but rather to the clever people for the first portion, and to the rollicking Rosina and her stage manager for the second. Put an ordinary co. in the affair and its fun would get very wearisome in the third act. Yet Miss Vokes and Mr. Grossmuth act with such naturalness and spontaneity that one almost forgets the ante-climax of the entire third act. Some of the witticisms indulged in by the various members of the cast are absolutely brilliant and keep an audience in a roar.

Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Boston Theatre during the week in Lady Clancery in all the performances but those of Wednesday afternoon and Saturday night, when she appeared in the dramatic and historical world. Mrs. Langtry's Galatas has much in it to commend, and Mr. Coghlan's Pygmalion was the best thing I have seen him in.

Fin MacCool continued at the Hollis Street Theatre, with Kerry as a preface on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and as a professional matinee on Thursday afternoon, when the house was crowded with many of the notables in the dramatic and historical world. Mrs. Langtry's Galatas has much in it to commend, and Mr. Coghlan's Pygmalion was the best thing I have seen him in.

Tragical Lives renewed its former triumphs at the Globe, and held by the Wesley concluded its long run at the Boston Museum.

The Barber's Daughter had a series of presentations at the Bijou Theatre that pleased the usual large audiences.

Dan Sullivan appeared in his mirth-provoking specialties with good success.

An excellent variety show made the Windsor Theatre lively last week. The Juliana are a clever set of comedians, and their sketches are very clever in all the parts, and some of them are wonderful—that is, Master Belmont's invisible wire performances are clever also.

The Boston Theatre building theatres in Boston, like those of the same name in London, are especially severe. I called on Manager Lathrop, of the Windsor, the other day, and found him pouring over the "Digest of Building Laws." He said that the new building laws were so severe that they would require re-building. Think of such a provision as this: "There shall be no building adjoining any division of the auditorium larger than the standing room for the persons who are to be seated in the auditorium." But I do not doubt Mr. Lathrop will dig out this Digest, and accomplish what he has set out to do.

For the eighth anniversary of the Park Theatre opening, which will occur March 14, the management have arranged for a grand performance. It is now, having left the Silver Spur Co.—George Henschel and his wife (formerly Lillian Bailey) will give a series of concerts at the Melrose in April.

Clay and the Vokes are at the Boston Theatre, and William Warren occupied Manager Thompson's box at the Boston Theatre on the opening night of Mrs. Langtry's Lady Clancery. On Tuesday night, Mrs. Langtry's Galatas, which is a very clever play, was given at the Boston Theatre. The play is a very clever play, and the management have arranged for a grand performance.

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PHILADELPHIA.

The past week has been marked by many novelties and by rich results. At the Chestnut Street Opera House, Wilson Barrett divided the week between "The Barber's Daughter" and "The Schoolmistress."

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\$500. Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman kindly gave the use of the house, and all of the journeying theatrical co. contributed to the entertainment. T. Slater Smith is in town, having left his Colorado ranch for a lengthy visit among his old friends. Camden, N. J. to him a \$5000 Opera House. John H. Fort is the leader in the movement. He has organized a co. Ground has been purchased and building will soon begin. A scale of prices has been fixed. The Chestnut Street Opera House during the Saturday afternoon performance, whereupon some idiot in the audience cried "fire!" and rushed out. Mr. Barrett promptly stamped out the flame, and coming to the front of the stage, he gave them a sensible lecture about the folly of losing their heads. The North Broad Street Casino is undergoing extensive alterations and will be opened early in June for a Summer season of comic opera.

BALTIMORE.

Romeo and Juliet was given at the Academy of Music last week upon a scale of magnificence that has never been approached in the annals of this city's theatrical history. Every scene was an almost perfect picture; the costumes were rich and historically correct; the stage peopled by living, moving beings, and the co. in all respects complete. At the rate of good houses, Romeo of Fred. Paulding was a consistently acted performance, and one that bore upon it the stamp of hard study. Misses Vokes and Little Weeden Grossmuth were excellent Mercutio, reading his rather questionable text, however, to respond to a call before the curtain after the death scene. The rest of the cast was in good hands. Taken all in all, it was a memorable performance of Romeo and Juliet. Despite the fact that the houses all the week were light, and Manager J. M. Hill is out of pocket on the engagement. It is not likely that he will bring his star here again, and Baltimore is the loser by the loss of the play.

The original New York co. in the cast, and under the auspices of Wilson Post, G. A. R. Next, Main Line.

Least seemed to have struck Ford's Opera House last week, and the audience were fair-aided they were not what they generally are, and particularly when Mr. and Mrs. Florence are the attraction. They appeared in a repertoire of their old-known plays, and produced a new comedy, "The Flirt," which was amusing and cleverly written, and which has something not often found in latter-day comedies—plot enough to make it interesting. On Monday night, the play was given at the same house, and the audience were fair-aided they were not what they generally are, and particularly when Mr. and Mrs. Florence are the attraction.

Modjeska closed a week of good business at the Hollis Street Theatre on Saturday night, and gave during the week a series of presentations that pleased the usual large audiences.

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People's benefits week of 14—John Power is here representing George C. Mills. Mrs. Edwin Arden, Mrs. Keene, was visiting her husband during his engagement here. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harty are in town, having just arrived from their tour of the West. James H. Barnes, who has been manager of the Museum ever since Broadway and Trevelyan opened it, has resigned. He contemplates putting his wife, formerly Lillian Chambers, the song-and-dance artist, on the legitimate stage in a new play, of which he is the author. Edwin Arden announces that next season he will produce a society drama not too much refined to over-throw the popular taste. No mystery.

NEW ORLEANS.

The attendance at the theatre last week was very good, and the St. Charles Hotel's star dramatic co. appeared in The Romance of a Poor Young Man. More than ordinary interest was manifested in this production, because it was the chief success of last year's co. The new comedy—if the piece may be dignified by the title—has plenty of "go," and evidently pleased the audience immensely. Next week, Gus Williams.

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Joe T. Raymond, in A Woman Hater, met with much success at the Academy last week. The new piece is a very good one, and gives Raymond ample opportunities to display his eccentricities. Colonel Selous was given last in the week, and is a support. McNeill Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels this week.

Louis James and Marie Walworth played their second week at the Grand Opera House to fine houses. The following repertoire was given: Othello, Virginia, Much Ado, Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Taming of the Shrew, Romeo and Juliet, and Ingomar. Of these Virginia is without doubt Mr. James' best part. Miss Selous is a very clever actress, and her performance of the Shrew, Romeo and Juliet, and Ingomar. Of these Virginia is without doubt Mr. James' best part.

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At the Alcazar stock co. next season.—Mrs. Zella Trevelyan was met by a household of admirers at Irving Hall last night. The great contracts were assisted by the New York Violinists, and the orchestra. The New York Violinists' Memorial Fund subscriptions had reached the sum of \$2,500 up to February, and San Francisco is yet to be heard from.—*Music and Drama*.—Harry Emmet has completed a play for Omond Theatre.—Kearney Barry, Helen Mason and Maggie Moore-Williamson saw Faust Monday night from stage boxes.—W. W. Hoge, Minors correspondent, an leading hardware merchant of Butte, Montana, is in the city, accompanied by his charming family.

BROOKLYN.

The Wages of Sin did fairly well at the Brooklyn Theatre last week. Salsbury's Troubadours in the Humming Bird drew good business on Monday evening. The new comedy—if the piece may be dignified by the title—has plenty of "go," and evidently pleased the audience immensely. Next week, Gus Williams.

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work. Business at Hooley's was fair. This week Maggie Mitchell, Kara Kendall in Pair of Kids, 13. Frank Mayo had a prosperous week at the Standard in his play, "The Standard." The Standard is a place to go to see a dramatic play.

Over the Garden Wall, in which that funny fellow, George E. Knight, throws a new talent, by a side in the cash, was attended by crowds at the Acad my last week. This week Edwin Arden in Eagle's Nest.

Patti Rosa, as bright a soubrette as we have, and as clever a girl as intelligent, had a good week at the Windsor. This week Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, Louis Aldrich, in My Partner, found a great welcome at the People's, where his performance was seen by large audiences. This week T. J. Farron and Grace Bennett in A Soap Bubble.

Items: The management of the Opera House has signed contracts for the joint appearance of Booth and Barrett next fall in a series of grand productions of the legitimate drama. The full repertoire

is the mother of Morris Warner, now head of Robson and Crane. Your correspondent saw Dancy in Adonis in Cincinnati during the engagement there and will have to add his verdict to the general approval.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE.
Mobile Theatre (J. Tannenbaum, manager): John T. Raymond as Samuel Bundy in "The Woman Hater" Feb. 25; as Col. Mulberry Feb. 26; large, fashionable and well pleased audiences.

EUFULA.

Shorter Opera House (Edward Dickson, manager): James Owen O'Connor played Hamlet and Richelieu 1-3; small houses.

MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery Theatre (J. H. Tannenbaum, manager): Andrea Caravan of Novelties all last week to fair business.

BIRMINGHAM.

Opera House (F. O. Brien, manager): The charming and gifted Rhea appeared to crowded houses Feb. 25-March 1. Tuesday, at matinee, she played to large and fashionable audience, composed entirely of ladies, presenting Fairy Fights. The support was exceptionally good.

Casino Theatre: Jessie Thomas to light business last week. Deserved better.

Isma Owen Farrell is thinking of starting the Davian Brothers in an Irish comedy written for them by Oliver Jenkins. Manager O'Brien is building a seventy-five-room hotel adjacent to his opera house for the accommodation of theatrical people.

CALIFORNIA.

WOODLAND.

Opera House (J. S. White, manager): Feb. 28, McKeen, with his colored troupe, gave us a very pleasant entertainment. Master Willie, six years old, and little Adeline, thirty-three months old, are prodigies. Emma Montell, in her songs of "Coming thro' the Rye" and "Swanee River," was unapproachable for sweetness and melody. H. Beals has retired from the management of the Opera House, and J. S. White, the Secretary of the Opera House Association, takes his place.

LOS ANGELES.

Grand opera house: Herrmann opened Feb. 22 and appeared five nights to good business. Randall Opera co. 10-12; Clara Morris, 14, week; Pyke Opera co. 21, two weeks.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

Emma Abbott, the songstress who can sing in opera eight times a week, has week of 7 at the Tabor, Smith's Swiss Ball, and Fantomine co. is the attraction at Music Hall. Panic prices.

Small Talk: The Palace is in full blast. The Salvation Army has designs on the place. Charles Rudman's place on the main floor of the Tabor has been taken by Mr. Cooper, the gentleman who had Charles place during the late of his illness last fall. M. H. Hudson, who manages the Coates and Gillis Opera Houses in Kansas City, is at the Academy. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hudson. Miss Huff, the Colorado songstress, who has been mentioned in my letters, leaves about the middle of the month for California, where she begins a concert tour. Miss Huff is said to be engaged by Carl Rosa for his opera company for a few days to allow some improvements to be made in the painting. George McFadden, one of the proprietors of the Double Ten co., which is in these parts, has been in town. Frank Dailor, agent of the same co., has also been in the city.

The Denver Chorus Club's next oratorio will be "The Creation"—Baird's Minstrels are on the Leavitt circuit, after which they do the Northern tour. I hear they will return here to give a concert at the Tabor Sunday night. Florence Molinelli, the young actress whose home was Denver, is away up in the Northwest. I saw some clippings from the Tacoma (Wash. Terr.) papers which spoke highly of her from her tour. Stanley Felch, the singing comedian, is still in the city. The wife of James H. Cragg, the Leavitt manager, died very suddenly a few days ago. Mr. Cragg will take the remains to Louisville, his old home.

LEADVILLE.

Tabor Opera House (J. H. Cragg, manager): Baird's Minstrels played to empty seats Feb. 28 March 5.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Opera House (Charles A. Wing, manager): Bunch of Keys played to good business, Feb. 28-March 5. Si-bert, 3-5, to large house, and was well received. Elsie Jerome, formerly of this city, has a prominent part in the cast, and received much favorable comment. A new scene was used in this play which again displayed the unquestioned talent of the artist. The Tabor set represents a palace, and its equal was never displayed before at this theatre. Dan Sully, 10-12.

Ally Hall: Reilly and Wood's specialty co. gave first class variety bill first night last week to large business. Reilly, Gaylor and the Nelson Family were the features. Gilmore's Band packed the house afternoon and evening of 4.

Item: Murray and Murphy spent a few hours there Saturday with friends while making their connections. They report enormous business through New England.

WINSTED.

Opera House (J. E. Spaulding, manager): Theatre-goers had a treat, 4, when Sol Smith Russell presented Fa.

MIDDLETOWN.

McDonough Opera House (A. M. Colgrove, proprietor): Whitmore and Clark's Minstrels, 4; good show, small house. Lizzie Evans in Fog's Ferry Matinee, and Sea Sands evening, 3; large and well-pleased audiences.

Item: Evans received while here the manuscript of a new play, entitled "Our Angel." It is from the pen of E. J. Swartz, of Philadelphia, author of "Dad's Girl." Miss Evans will produce the play next season.

MILFORD.

Music Hall (George G. Cook, manager): Tony Hart's Donnybrook, 3-5; fair business. Pronounced the best Irish play ever seen here. Lizzie Evans in Fog's Ferry (return engagement).

Breed Hall: Skipped by Light of the Moon, 1; large audience. Murray and Murphy, 4; immense house and gave the best of satisfaction. T. P. and W. Minstrels 12.

NEW LONDON.

Lawrence Opera (T. H. Delevan, manager): Sol Smith Russell in Pa. Feb. 28; good business. Skipped by Light of the Moon, 4; good business. Reilly and Wood's Variety co. 3; good entertainment and good business.

MERIDEN.

Meriden Opera House (T. H. Delevan, manager): Gilmore's Band had a warm greeting, 3. Receipts \$150. Reilly and Wood's com. 3-4; fair-sized houses.

WILLIAMANTIC.

Loomer Opera House (S. F. Loomer, proprietor): Skipped by Light of the Moon, 3; large and well-pleased audience.

WATERBURY.

Jacques' Opera House: Feb. 28, Gilmore and his famous band, with Lizzie Fitch the charming prima donna, filled the theatre with a delighted audience. Silvia, 2, attracted a large audience. Co. one of the best that has appeared here this season. A Bunch of Keys to good business 4.

FLORIDA.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Genovar Opera House (Ralph Bell, lessee and manager): Keller, magician, appeared to a big house Feb. 27. Fanny Davenport drew large houses, 4-5; increased prices. Rhea had good business for three nights and matinee.

GEORGIA.

MACON.

Academy of Music (H. Horne, manager): One of the largest and most select audiences of the season greeted Fanny Davenport in Much Ado About Nothing 3. The performance was all that could be desired.

COLUMBUS.

Capacity of house strained at appearance of Fanny Davenport, in Fedora. Seats sold at \$1.25.

AUGUSTA.

The Stanley troupe made a signal failure in trying to fill in without their star. Keller the magician gave performance 3-4 to disgruntled audiences. DeHaven's Circus will arrive 14 for a week's stay.

ILLINOIS.

DECATUR.

Smith's Opera House (F. W. Harris, manager): Moulton and Baker's Black Crook co. 1; large audience, conspicuous for the absence of ladies. No one complained of the performance. Lawrence Barrett in Francesca da Rimini 3. Whole lower floor reserved and every seat taken. The performance was a treat. Ida Siddons 12; Louis Aldrich 10.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterbox Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Feb. 25-6 Shadows of a Great City was presented by a co. fully competent to bring out all the strong points, and with superb mountings. It is an American play, of a high order, 12, a writer. The Black Crook, 28, was presented to a large and, in some respect, critical audience. The acting was very poor, receiving but little applause; but the management se-

ured the good will of their patrons by presenting some pretty scenery, and extra fine specialty work. Lawrence Barrett, in Elena 3. The cream of Springfield's intellect and fashion was there in force, including many of the distinguished of the State, and a fair sprinkling from other towns. Great dramatic treat, thoroughly enjoyed.

ENGLEWOOD.

Opera House (Fred W. Leary, manager): T. J. Farrow, in A Soap Bubble 4; large audience.

STREATOR.

Plum Opera House (J. E. Williams, manager): Maggie Mitchell, with a strong co. in Maggie the Midwife, 4; unusual finished performance. Good house, H. E. Sanford, Miss Mitchell's manager, sends regards to the Mirror.

OTTAWA.

Opera House (F. A. Sherwood, manager): Florence Bladley, in A Heroine in Rags Feb. 28; small audience. Miss Bladley is a pleasing little comedienne. Her singing, dancing and musical specialties were repeatedly enjoyed. A large and fashionable audience greeted Maggie Mitchell in Little Barfoot 3.

BLOOMINGTON.

Darley Theatre (T. C. Ford, manager): Black Crook 3; crowded house. Alpine Band 3; full house. Lawrence Barrett in Rensai 4; largest and most fashionable audience of the season.

GALESBURG.

Princess Theatre (C. H. Hoover, manager): Lawrence Barrett played to crowded houses only Feb. 28. The Nashville Students gave a concert to a full house 1.

ROCKFORD.

Opera House (C. G. Jones, manager): Rentfrow's Pathfinders played to good houses week of 1; ten-twenty-thirty.

KANKAKEE.

Opera House (F. Swannell, manager): Kendall Dramatic co., in Our Bothersome Pygmalion and Galatea and Married for Money; drew good houses all the week.

Archie Opera House (Col. H. C. Clark, manager): Rentfrow's Pathfinders played a return date, present-Scrap to good business 2. The street parade and good music added greatly to the attraction.

Manager Clark refused to give Ida Vernon's co. a date.

INDIANA.

SOUTH BEND.

Opera House (J. and J. D. Oliver, managers): Lawrence Barrett in Francesca da Rimini 3; well filled and enthusiastic houses.

Goods: The Casino Opera co. in The Mikado, Chimes of Normandy and Olivette 3-5; good business at popular prices.

ELKHART.

Bucklin's Opera House (J. L. Broderick, manager): Kara Kendall in A Pair of Kids Feb. 28; large and well-pleased audience. The baggage of the co. was left at Milwaukee and did not arrive till 8:10. The large audience was patient and was amply repaid. The White Slave 3; good business.

CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Music Hall (Leslie Davis, manager): Mendelssohn Quintette Club 3; superb concert; large audience. Only drawback was the absence of Miss Ryan, the prima donna, detained at Louisville by illness. Barry and Fay 12; Wilber Dramatic co. 3.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (Wilson Taylor, manager): Bennett-Moulton Opera Co. A. week of Feb. 28, packed the house nightly. Receipts over \$2,300 at panic prices. Week of 7, Wilber's Dramatic co. 3.

RICHMOND.

Grand Opera House (Thomas C. Coffman, manager): Jennie Calf co. 30 March 3; very light houses; Stetson's Uncle Tom co. 3; packed house.

Phillips' Opera House (James H. Dobbins, manager): T. J. Farrow in Soap Bubble 3; large and appreciative audience.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House (Frank Green, manager): A. R. Wilber's Dramatic co. week of Feb. 28, Monday and Tuesday evening to good business. But a counter-attraction (Thomas E. Murphy, son of the great temperance apostle, Francis Murphy) badly crippled business remainder of week. The co. is very weak. Oliver Byron 10.

KOKOMO.

Opera House (H. C. Henderson, manager): Field's Minstrels gave very neat show to good house 4. Boston Stars (concert) to good business 5. Medusa Henderson-Emerson, soprano, scored big success. Leslie Davis Comic Opera co. 14, 16.

FORT WAYNE.

Masonic Temple (J. H. Simonson, manager): W. J. Scanlan in Shane-na-Lawa drew an \$800 house Feb. 18. The piece was admirably mounted. T. J. Farrow was greeted by a large audience. Broderick and the Ford's Mr. Farrow played to good houses to introduce his many amusing specialties. Grace Emmet is pretty and vivacious, and sings nicely. Miner's Silver King comes 12. Item: It is not generally known, but is nevertheless a fact, that Fort Wayne has one of the finest orchestras in the country. Prof. Fred Reinicke, a descendant of the famous German composer of the same name, is leader, and with his score of able assistants, a better musical organization is hard to find.

IOWA.

DES MOINES.

Grand Opera House (W. E. Moore, manager): Evans and Hoey lit A Pair of Kids before large and enthusiastic audiences 3-5. Daily's Night 10-12; Kate Claxton 15-16. T. J. Farrow, 17, Robson and Crane 26, Nancy and Co. 29.

Foster Opera House (William Foster, manager): Kate Castleton presented Crazy Patch to large and well-pleased audiences 3-5. Splendid performance. Rice's Evangeline 10-11.

Tip: Managers Moore and Foster have agreed to play alternate attractions for the next three seasons.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Opera House (Noxon, Albert and Toomey, managers): Kate Castleton brought her Crazy Patch 1, and exhibited it to a large audience. "Bobby Kate" becomes more entertaining every season. Like wine, she becomes better with age. Her new song, "Excuse Me, I'll Tell You No More," is very taking. The co. has been strengthened by Henry V. Donnelly, Jupiter Stubbs. Mr. Donnelly does some very clever minstrel imitations.

MUSCATINE.

Turner Opera House (P. Schmidt, manager): Kate Castleton and her excellent co., in Crazy Patch, supplied three hours of fun to a large and appreciative audience 2.

BURLINGTON.

Grand Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match spluttered and scintillated before a large and delighted audience, 2, and that an evening of solid fun was the result of the clever people who lighted the match and kept it aflame goes without saying. Kate Castleton, 4; moderate audience.

People's Theatre: Culbert and Cassidy's Puck co. in variety business, 3; small audience at cheap prices.

KEOKUK.

Opera House (D. R. Craig, manager): Arizona Joe and the Puck co. occupied the house last week and played to distressingly light business. The Lamb-Jordan-Price co. 3-5 in On the R. G. Grande, and although they gave creditable performance, failed to attract remunerative business. Kate Castleton 5 in Crazy Patch drew a fine audience. Louis Aldrich 16. T. J. Farrow 18, Michael Strogoff 10.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House (Duncan and Waller, managers): Kate Castleton Feb. 28; full house. Audience well pleased with Crazy Patch. May Vernon 15, Around the World in Eighty Days 21, Girl I Left Behind Me 29.

WATERLOO.

Opera House (L. C. Goodwin, manager): Negrotto co. week of Feb. 28; good business. The following copyrighted plays were unobtrusively presented: Silver King, Davy Crockett, Passion's Slave and The Phoenix. Paper used by the original co. were hung out. These pirates have killed this one-night stand, which one time was as good as the state afforded.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.

Crawford's Opera House: Barry and Fay, in Irish Aristocracy Feb. 25-6; good houses. Michael Strogoff 28; standing-room sold. Charles E. Vernon, supported by Annie Lewis in Shamus O'Brien 1; large house and well-deserved. Mr. Vernon is the able management of W. J. Winterburn, or "Old Boy Summerfreze," as Al Thayer, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, christened him. Mr. Winterburn is the same jovial hustler that he used to be when, many years ago, your correspondent sorted "pi" and listened to Jim's fairy stories in the old printing-office of which he was one of the alleged proprietors. Roland Reed, in Humbig 3; big house and every one pleased.

Grand Opera House (J. M. Barron, manager): Marshall's Military Band, the best band of Topeka has ever had, and one of the best in the West, took a benefit 3. The programme excellent and the affair a success in every way.

LEAVENWORTH.

Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Charles Erin Vernon presented Shamus O'Brien 1; fair house. The support was good. Annie Lewis made a great hit. Michael Strogoff 2; big business. Ed. Collier was himself again, with the exception of a slight hoarseness. Barry and Fay in Irish Aristocracy 3; good business.

Audience in a continuous spasm. Roland Reed, in Humbig 4; good house.

ATCHISON.

Price's Opera House (W. F. Wood, local manager): Shamus O'Brien 1; fair business. Edmund Collier in Michael Strogoff at large audience.

WICHITA.

Garfield Opera House (Fred Dixon, manager): Faircliff, with Amy Harvey in the title role, Fred Dixon as the Correspondent, Arthur Percy as General Kautchakoff, and the rest of the cast made much of local talent, had good houses Feb. 25-3. General satisfaction.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Barry and Fay appeared before a large house Feb. 23-4. Play and co. well liked.

PARSONS.

Edwards Opera House (L. L. Baird, manager): Kate Claxton 1, in Two Orphans; fair business. Ten Nights in a Bar-room 3; crowded houses.

KENTUCKY.

HENDERSON.

Opera House (R. E. Good, manager): Mixed Pickles Feb. 28; good business. Bazyce Davis co. 7, week.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.

Theatre: Beulah, the Mexican actress, in Echo, a very poor play. Supporting co. in many instances frightful. Business small, and the managers were fortunate to have any patronage after the first performance.

City Hall: Jennie Conthou, whose elocutionary abilities created such a furore here last season, was welcomed by a large audience 2, and, assisted by the Burgess Quartette, of Boston, gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments in the Stockbridge Course this season.

Items: M. B. Curtis, in Caught in a Corner, was a great disappointment, and the Bicycle boys are repeating their venture, since Curtis left such a poor impression. The Park Theatre continues to run cheap co. to small patronage.—Stockbridge's matinee, 5, was a success.—The Bennett and Moulton co. open in Lewiston 7.

BIDDEFORD.

Opera House (Fred Yates, manager): Beulah, the Mexican actress, Feb. 28-March 1; Echo presented to a fair audience.

MARYLAND.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Opera House (C. E. Hunter, Jr., manager): The Louise Arnot co. to fair business week of Feb. 28.

FREDERICK.

Opera House (Jacob Schmidt, manager): Daniel A. Kelley in Shadow Detective 3; fair performance to fair house. Sol Smith Russell, 17.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD.

Gilmore's Opera House (C. LeNoir, manager): The Wilbur Opera co. at ten, twenty and thirty cents, week of Feb. 28; crowded houses. Repertoire: Merry War, Three Black Cloaks, The Mikado, Fra Diavolo and The Mascoite. The Wilbur Opera co. worked from a few managers, was pleasing, and Conly's light troupe was excellent. Although Alf Wheelan carried the comedy well, visions of the jolly Ed. Chapman would arise. The chorus is especially strong and costuming prize-winning.

Musée: The Rightmire-Hart co. gave the Two Wanderers and The Boss, both of a sensational stamp, to fair houses. This week of U. T. C.

Rich Hall: Gilmore's Band 3, 2 fine, widely diversified programmes; enthusiastic houses.

Fias's Casino: The Brightwood Amateur Club will give the double bill of Morton's farce, Aunt Charley, and Selby's farce comedy, Boots at the Swan 10-11.

Stage Echoes: Manager Arnold has entered suit in the Superior Court against Charles Gilday, the comedian, for not appearing at the Musée. Damages are set at \$1,000. Thomas Mack, Thomas Mack, carpenter at Gilmore's, has decided not to join the Moulton-Baker Black Crook co. until next season. Richard Kelly, Tom's predecessor, is with the co. now.—The Wilbur Opera House here for the first time, and will soon add it to the list.—C. O. Moore, manager of Gilmore's Band, was here Thursday.—Many people here were shocked by the sudden death on Saturday of Mrs. E. Connelly, who was better known by her stage name, Cora Lena Chober. She possessed rare musical ability, and until within two years sang in Italian opera in Europe and Australia. She was a pupil of Lamperti, of Milan. Mrs. Chober was one of the most charming ladies I ever met.

NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (Frank C. Bancroft, manager): The Private Secretary, 4, was presented, in a very acceptable manner by a Madison Square co.; fair house. M. E. Connelly, who was better known by her stage name, Cora Lena Chober, was especially good. Rich Coghlan 12; return visit.

People's Theatre (Arthur S. Foster, agent): Rachel Noah Dramatic co. in Cricket on the Hearth 4, to fair house.

Matters of More or Less Interest: Some time ago W. Irving Bishop gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers at the Opera House. On 1-5 Wallace L. Light appeared at the same house and gave what he called an exhibit of Mr. Bishop's methods. He duplicated all of Mr. Bishop's feats, performing them in an easier manner and with much greater expedition. He said that while Bishop clutched to read the minds of his subjects, he merely looked at the numbers on his fingers. He says the blindfolding is all a humbug, and that neither he nor Bishop would leave the stage to go among the audience if they could not see the floor, and that Bishop's method is a humbug.

However, he hardly explained satisfactorily the power used in reaching conclusions of bills and dates of coins. This is a good deal like the magician who says he will show the audience how to perform a certain trick, and will go through with it slowly. When he has done the audience are just as wise as they were before. The trick is not in the doing, but in the doing it so that the audience are just as wise as they were before. The trick is not in the doing, but in the doing it so that the audience are just as wise as they were before.

A competent person will be left in charge of the houses in this city in case he should go.

WALTHAM.

Music Hall (W. D. Bradstreet, manager): Blanche Curtiss furnishes the beauty, George Adams and Louis Farrell the fun, and a bevy of pretty girls the legs to Zozo, which was presented, 1. The costumes and scenery were good, and the music was very good; house fair. Intonation was certainly worthy of a much better house than that which attended the play, 4; but attractions, both local and otherwise, have been so numerous the past week that their effect was apparent. The play is well written and the story very plainly told, while Beatrice Lieb's acting is easy and natural and never overdone. Endowed with personal attractions, a fine voice and good emotional power, she should be a great success. The co. in support is strong. Harry Woodruff being deserving of special mention. McCull's Opera co. 19, Stetson's Opera co. in Ruddygore, 29.

City Hall: The Redmond-Barry co., in Rene, the Huguenot Captain, 1; only a fair business. The co. is very strong and the piece is a full powerful situation; the duel in the first act and the finale of the second act being especially fine. Harrigan's Tourists 3; good business and satisfaction.

SALEM.

Mechanics' Hall (Andrews, Moulton and Johnson, managers): Balgore exhibits his skill in coloring, second sight, mesmerism, mind-reading, etc., to small houses. He gives a very good entertainment.

PITTSFIELD.

Academy of Music (William S. Lawrence, manager): W. H. Power's Ivy League co. played to a very large and well-pleased audience 1; Mortimer and Stock played A Hoop of Gold to small business, 4-5. Moore and Vivian, 12.

TAUNTON.

Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor): Helene Adell made a great hit last week, with good support. The repertoire included A Night in Rome, The Rainbow, Moths, The New Magdalen and Engaged. The Rainbow on Saturday night by request. Miss Adell proved herself an actress of exceptional power, her assumption of the leading roles being truly grand. She is possessed of a fine stage appearance. Of the co. nothing but words of praise can be said. The costumes worn by the ladies are fine, and received high commendation from the gentler sex. Harrigan's Tourists 11, Tin Soldier 15.

Wedding Bell: A pleasant incident during the engagement of the Helene Adell co. was the marriage of Frank Monroe and Estelle Gilbert, members of the co. The happy couple received the congratulations of their friends at the hotel after the ceremony.

LYNN.

Music Hall (James F. Rock, manager): The T. P. W. Minstrels 1; large audience. Frank Tannehill, Jr., supported by a good co. in The Private Secretary 4; good house. Lieh Lehm, Bernard Leisterman and the Webber Quartette appeared in the star course series; large and appreciative audience. Harrigan's Tourists 3; good house. This co. should confine itself to the rural districts.

It is As Mr. Boucicault is to appear in New York at an early date, I think you will find that his one-act comedietta, Kerry, is more than a one-act drama written by Silvery Lawrence, entitled, "The Doubles Through the Clouds."—This may be a chestnut, but as I have seen nothing written about it I thought I would mention it. Thus "get the drop" on the Boston critics.—Grace Say, a member of McCull's Opera, and a resident of Lynn, appeared in the character of Olivier in Lorraine, at the Globe Theatre the other evening, receiving a congratulatory telegram from the manager in New York, who was much pleased with her success.—Ruddygore will appear in Manager Rock's star course April 1.

BROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): The Madison Square Theatre co. presented The Private Secretary in an excellent manner; fair house. Tony Hart was seen in Donnybrook, and pleased a fair audience 4. The specialties introduced in the second act are all good, especially the non-appearance of the New York Specialty co. the house was closed the first three nights of the week of 28. Woodward's Variety co. a local organization, which is going on the road, played to light business 3-5.

Item: Manager Cannon wished to be remembered to the Mirror, and I would extend thanks to him for courtesies.

FALL RIVER.

Academy of Music (Thomas R. Burrell, manager): The T. P

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Annett, Henry
Ashton, J. B.
Arthur, Clifford
Bali, Laura
Brooks, J. E.
Barnes, John
Brewer, Miss
Bigger, Laura
Bower, J. E.
Blackburn, Mary
Baker, Mary
Brenton, Matthew
Culham, E.
Carlyle, H. Newton
Carroll, Jennie
Campbell, Miss
Cassidy, J. T.
Conard, Fred
Clark, Marland
De Forest, Eugene
Dobson, Len
Dobson, Frank
Dobson, Fred
Eaton, Adelaide
Ellis, Charles T.
Engle, J. E.
Elliott, W. T.
Edwards, J. E.
Farr, Tullie
Kleinerman, W. C.
Ferre, Cora
Fletcher, Lizzie
Gray, Harry (3)
Gustaf, Fred
Gibson, J. W.
Greenaway, A.
Gardner, E. M.
Goldsmith, Dora
Green, Clay
Hillford, Marie
Harder, J. W.
Harbert, A.
Harris, Miss M.
Hall, Clinton
Horn, Mrs.
Hempsey, W. J.
Hann, Mabel
Harrison, Louis
Hunt, C. C.
Hilliard, R. C.
Hyde, Walter
Hudson, R. C.

Jenkins, O.
Jensen, E.
Jackson, A.
Klein, Alfred
Keith, Marion
Kelly, Edgar S.
Lamworth, Peter
Lewis, Horace
Latham, Emma
Lynch, Mark
Litta, Louise
Morris, Herbert
McIntyre, James
Miller, M.
Manager
McDonough, W. H.
Nash, P. A.
Owen, Walter
Oakes, Dave
Pike, M.
Patterson, Louise
Rial, Louise
Ratton, D. E.
Reynolds, Miss G.
Reynolds, Harold
Ryan, J. J.
Russell, S. Smith
Raymond, Lew
Russell, Miss
Russell, Harold
Russell, Ed
Reynolds, F. E.
Reynolds, Miss
Stevenson, C. A.
Stuart, W.
Spangler, E. G.
Stoddard, W.
St. Ormond, H.
Tatnell, Ben
Tanner, W. D.
Taylor, C. C.
Wren, Ella
Wood, Frank
Wheeler, D. F.
Wetkin, C.
Washburn, Tullie
Weber, R. A.
Wheeler, H. E.
Wilson, Joseph
Young, Mary

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Beecher and the Stage.

In the death of Henry Ward Beecher the stage has lost a new-found friend, and aside from his eloquence as an orator, his immense intellectual force and his massive character, the profession will feel a share of the general sorrow over what is indeed a national bereavement.

Mr. Beecher did not have a fair start in life. He was reared in an atmosphere of puritanism, and he imbibed the austere and narrow prejudices of that class. Gradually, however, he emancipated that splendid mind of his from the hard fetters of orthodoxy and rose superior to the conditions under which his youth was passed.

Mr. Beecher was not content with thinking out all the great questions and issues of sociology for himself—he had the courage of his convictions. By a steady process of mental evolution he rejected all creeds and dogmas and delusions incompatible with liberal thought, and, guided by the star of reason, fearlessly adopted what he believed to be truth and right. In other words, he was essentially progressive.

For many years Mr. Beecher was opposed to the theatre. On several occasions he preached characteristic sermons against it. This was a lingering trace of the early prejudice which, until a short time ago, he never got rid of. He was induced finally to witness a play, and for the first time in his life he felt the subtle spell of the acted drama. To one so poetic and imaginative the discovery of this new and previously misunderstood realm of fancy made a deep impression, and the great divine was not slow to repair the wrong he had, in ignorance, done the noblest of arts. Afterward he visited the theatre several times, and always with increased pleasure. We recall that at a public gathering he confessed that he had denied himself and others too long a mode of enjoyment both recreative and stimulating.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Beecher did not investigate the claims of the theatre upon intellectual appreciation and popular support earlier in his career, for there was a time when his friendship would have been of enormous value, wielding as he did a tremendous influence upon public opinion. It came too late to be actually needed—the Stage has laid foundations as strong, if not stronger, than the rock on which the Church is

built—but it is still matter for pride and congratulation that the closing years of the greatest pulpit-orator and religious teacher that ever lived were passed in close sympathy with an institution over which his reason and prejudice had battled fiercely.

One Word.

A word used at the wrong time and in the wrong place often brings about extraordinary or disastrous events. In the last Presidential campaign three words, heedlessly uttered, changed the whole complexion of the National Government. Two words, giving the lie direct, have brought uncounted thousands to the hangman's halter. One word, the name of the founder of modern religion, has through nearly nineteen centuries exercised an incalculably powerful influence on civilization and progress and over the minds and motives of men.

A word, therefore, can accomplish remarkable results.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is likely, sooner or later, to realize the truth of this assertion. Singularly enough, in this case the word is an admirable word when used in a proper connection. Mrs. Potter, when recently interviewed by a *Herald* correspondent, is reported to have said that one of her principal reasons for going upon the stage was to "elevate" it.

And pray in what manner is this newly patented and ingeniously manipulated elevator supposed to work? Does Mrs. Potter suppose that the accession to the profession of a very pretty and superbly advertised society amateur will in any measure "elevate" either the artistic or the social plane of the stage? If the drama needs "elevating," it will doubtless improve in accordance with the urgency of the need. If the drama's representatives are suffering from the same cause, we do not believe that Mrs. James Brown Potter is particularly qualified to exercise the requisite influence. Certainly, the wholesale use she has made of puffing paragraphs is *prima facie* evidence that she is unfitted to add one jot or tittle to the dignity of the calling she proposes to embrace.

Probably Mrs. James Brown Potter was misrepresented by the reporter; perhaps she did not make use of the objectionable word. We trust this may be the case and that Mrs. Potter will come forward with a denial, for we have hitherto respected her shrewd and politic deportment. It certainly will not do for the lady to revile the vocation or scorn the class with which she is about to associate herself.

We do not blame Mrs. James Brown Potter for seeking to make capital out of the marvellous notoriety she has obtained. It may be in questionable taste, but that is a matter which she and her family can settle for themselves. If her ability be demonstrated we shall heartily welcome her to the dramatic fraternity; at the same time, however, we must reprove her at the outset for imagining that the profession will in any measure be improved by her entrance within it. Cultivated people are desirable in any pursuit; but the cult of a person that complacently parrots unpleasant generalities about the people who honestly earn a livelihood by the very method she from caprice or greed proposes to adopt and that talks about a mission to "elevate" her prospective co-laborers—the cult of such a person, permit us to remark, is open to debate, even though her beauty and social graces be attested by every journal in the land.

Personal.

BLAIR.—Eugenia Blair has been re-engaged by Frederick Ward for next season.

HENDERSON.—Ettie Henderson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morse in Washington.

WILEY.—Dora Wiley is visiting relatives in Bangor, Me. She left the opera company bearing her name some weeks ago.

DE BELLEVILLE.—Negotiations are pending with Fred. de Belleville to take the leading role in Hoodman Blind next season.

WHEATCROFT.—Nelson Wheatcroft sprained his ankle in Boston on Tuesday, and played in Tangled Lives in the evening on crutches.

BURNHAM.—Charles Burnham, business manager of the Star Theatre, will have a benefit on Sunday evening, March 20. The list of volunteers is large.

WEATHERSBY.—Jennie Weathersby will make her reappearance on the stage of the Bijou Opera House in the forthcoming production of The Big Pony.

GRUBB.—Lilly Grubb, whose picture appears on our first page this week, is one of the most charming actresses in light opera and burlesque.

GEOFFREYS.—Minnie Geoffreys, until recently the prima donna of the Kindergarten Company, has been ill at her home in Columbia, S. C., for the past few weeks. She has recovered, and will shortly return to New York.

MURIELLE.—Constance Murielle, leading lady of the Taken From Life company, died yesterday (Wednesday) at her home in this city of Bright's disease.

SHANNON.—Effe Shannon has been offered a large increase in salary to remain with Robert B. Mantell next season, and among other parts to play Desdemona to his Othello.

SOTHERN.—Sam Sothern, who was with John T. Raymond the past season, left for England yesterday (Wednesday) on the City of Chicago, to claim a legacy left him by his father.

BALFE.—Louise Balfé was married last month to William Harcourt, leading man of Beatrice Lieb's company. The ceremony was performed in this city by the Rev. T. M. Brown.

ELLISER.—Effe Elliser has started on her Southern tour with a boom. Texas managers are heralding her coming in full-page advertisements and announcing it as a "dramatic festival."

BERNARD.—Fannie G. Bernard has been offered an ingenue part in a new play to be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, in the near future. Miss Bernard is at present playing the soubrette role in Taken from Life.

HENDERSON.—Grace Henderson, of Modjeska's company, has been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre stock company. She is one of the handsomest women on the stage, and is the wife of David Henderson, the manager of the Chicago Opera House, and formerly a well-known dramatic critic in that city.

VAUGHN.—Theresa Vaughn, the charming contralto of We, Us & Co., will leave for Milan at the close of the season to resume her musical studies. Miss Vaughn is rapidly making her way to the front rank of American singers, and now receives praise from those who are sparing in favorable criticism except in recognition of genuine talent.

BRISCOE.—Ray Briscoe received much attention from the Chicago critics for her playing of the leading role, Dorothy Foxglove, during the last nights of Herne's Minute Men. This led to her engagement to play Blanche Del Colma, the leading role in the new play, An American Princess. The young lady's progress has been very rapid—not yet seven, ten, and her first year on the stage.

LANGTRY.—The advance sale for Mrs. Langtry, who is playing the present week at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, is the largest ever known at that theatre. At the conclusion of the engagement Mrs. Langtry will rest for two weeks, continuing her season on March 28, and playing up to the middle of August. She does not go abroad, but reopens in New York in September, adding several new plays to her repertoire.

Patti Will "Farewell" in Opera.

"Patti will open a season of grand Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 11," said John B. Schoeffel to a *Mirror* reporter on Tuesday, "giving six performances, either five nights and one matinee or four nights and two matinees. Mr. Abbey leaves Philadelphia to-day for Chicago to see Patti and consult her wishes in the matter. While this is not in the regular engagement, it is still not outside of it. Instead of giving concerts and acts of opera we have induced her to appear in opera, seeing that these are her final appearances on the New York stage."

"The company is not yet thoroughly organized. It will include the members of the concert company. We are in negotiation with artists in Europe—a baritone, another tenor and another basso. There will be a chorus of sixty and the operas will be done on the same liberal scale that Italian opera was done when Mr. Abbey first opened the Metropolitan Opera House. We will then give opera in some of the large cities—two performances and a matinee in Boston; one in Philadelphia, one in Baltimore, and one in Washington. The operas will be Semiramide, Carmen, Faust, Traviata, Marta, and Lucia, very likely. Arditi will be conductor, of course."

"Patti will leave America between the 1st and the 14th of May, and go direct to her castle in Wales. She will probably sing in Albert Hall during the celebration of the Queen's Festival. She doesn't come back to America. I'm quite sure of that, for it's in her contract. What Patti's actual receipts are I couldn't tell you, for Manager Abbey keeps all the books with him. The two lightest houses were one in Chicago and one in New Orleans. The largest so far were in Mexico, where the diva sang to \$19,000 at one performance and \$17,500 at another. She sang to \$10,000 at Omaha, \$9,000 in St. Louis, \$9,254 in Los Angeles, California. The take in San Francisco was \$40,000 at five concerts. "Regarding all this talk about the Academy of Music being taken by Mr. Abbey and myself, all I can say is that nothing has been done as yet. We had a chat with Mr. Dinwiddie, during which he said that if he bought the house he would certainly lease it to us. If we get it we shall make it a combination theatre, with prices ranging from twenty-five cents to \$1. At these prices we could put in \$2,000—the Grand Opera House holds about \$1,400. It will not, however, be run on the same principal as the other combination houses, but will depend on large productions—spectacular melodramatic and operatic—though not Italian opera."

Inter-State Bill.

"I think that as far as theatrical companies are concerned," said Rudolph Aronson to a *Mirror* reporter recently, "the passage of the Inter-State Commerce bill is a great mistake. When these organizations travel about the country fifty and sixty people strong, the railroad fares are enormous, and the companies

naturally figure on getting concessions. It would mean a vast difference in such a company, for instance, as ours if full fares would have to be paid, and perhaps ten or fifteen people would have to be dispensed with. A large number of auxiliaries affords us a better opportunity for the interpretation of an opera. With an orchestra of ten or fifteen two or three would have to be dropped."

"It is the same with scenery. Now, for instance, we have a contract arrangement by which people and freight are carried at a certain rate. Less scenery would mean performances of lesser grade, and representations incomplete and perhaps inartistic. Concessions ought to be made when business is so large and comes in volume. If not, it is going to bring expenses way up, and consequently less business will be done. I think it would be a good plan for the managers to get together and devise some means of solving this problem. I don't think it is to the interest of the railroad companies, as business will be so much reduced that the increased rates will not even it. The bill will be detrimental in the end to the railroad companies."

An Aisle Episode.

The tempers of ushers, like those of street-car conductors, are often put to severe tests. The other evening, at the Star Theatre, a tall man with a large cane, a fierce red moustache and a generally "tough" appearance bought an admission ticket, entered the parquette and took up a position in the right-hand aisle near the boxes to hear Lorraine.

Music evidently had no charm to soothe this savage breast, for when a dapper little usher went down and told him it was against the rules of the house and of the Fire Department to blockade the aisles, he glared at his interlocutor and bluntly remarked, in a tone audible to everybody down-stairs, "You be d—d!"

The usher, seemingly surprised at this response, tip-toed up the aisle to the rear of the theatre. Here an animated conversation with the chief usher ensued. The man with the carmine moustache was delightedly taking the measure of Emily Soldene's mouth when the nervous little usher tapped his elbow. Immediately he began to bristle threateningly, as a man who doesn't propose to have his liberty restricted in the smallest degree.

"Will you please step back where the rest are standing," asked the usher.

"Naw, I won't," growled the assertive gentleman.

"But really—I wish you would—in fact, I think I shall have to say you must."

"Oh, you be blowed!" sententiously observed the despiser of convention and Fire Department rules.

"But, my dear sir," pleaded the usher "I don't want any trouble and I must request you to come away from here."

"Don't yer give me no bluff like that," retorted the troublesome customer, menacingly.

"I paid my money, and I'm going to see this show from jest where I choose, and don't yer forget it, neither." This last observation was accompanied by a peculiarly irritating horizontal movement to and fro of the speaker's index finger beneath the meek usher's nose.

By this time the audience were aroused to a point of indignation. The unruly spectator's voice harshly disturbed their enjoyment of the performance. Hisses, muttered execrations and cries of "Put him out!" were plentiful.

"Y-as, put me out," said the bully, tantalizingly. "Why don't yer get a policeman and fire me," and he towered up with a sort of Sullivan confidence which plainly implied that the whole reserve of the finest might wisely hesitate before tackling the job.

But the dude usher did not call in police aid. No; he simply made a quick movement with his hands, and then the big man was seen flying up the aisle with his companion a la Irving Bishop. At the swinging doors there was a momentary vision of a confused mass of overcoat, cane and red moustache in process of rapid transit, and a moment later a sickening thud on the lobby floor denoted that there would be no more annoyance from that source during the rest of the performance. The demure and dapper usher came back a little flushed in countenance and arranging his white tie, while the audience composed itself to enjoy Lorraine's really melodious strains.

Miss Yeaman's Next Venture.

"The new play in which I star next season," said Jennie Yeaman to a *Mirror* reporter recently, "is to be entitled Our Jenny. It is a comedy-drama, in three acts, by Clay M. Greene, and its price is \$5,000. The first act of the play has been submitted, and I am delighted with it. I go on the road with it about the second week of August, under the management of William Welch, who has taken desk room at Taylor's Exchange, and is booking time. I am in excellent health, as I have rested a whole year. I had a great many offers during that time, but I refused them all. "My part in the new play is that of a girl of sixteen—a perfect hoyden—yet there are plenty of opportunities for pathos and good dramatic work. I will introduce some of my old specialties and a number of new ones, while I have written for the play three new songs. Words and music are mine. Besides, I have designed a number of new costumes. I was the first actress to wear a Mother Hubbard on the boards, while playing with Roland Reed in Cheek, and before I had time to turn about the stage was full of them. That is one of the reasons why I can't tell you more about my costumes, except that they are being made here in my own house and not in Paris. All the window lithographs are of my own designing. I am the proprietress, and I shall have full control of the stage. We shall carry our own scenery."

"I shall select a good company, as I do not believe in one-part plays. The play is to be finished in six weeks. You know my reputation, I suppose. It is 'Yes, clever girl, but hard to manage.' The reason is because I've never been properly managed or been given any credit for knowing anything. However, I think Mr. Welch will find that I'm not so hard to get along with."

The Amateur Stage.

There is a lull in the amateur world, and Lenten inactivity prevails both in New York and Brooklyn. In the meantime the rumor comes from over the Bridge that Henry G. Somborn and others are to organize a dramatic university, forthwith, in the City of Churches. We shall be very glad to see the scheme carried out, but alas! it is easier to map out such a venture than to put it in practical operation. If Mr. Somborn has been correctly reported, he entertains some very peculiar notions. He is said to have made the statement that at present the dramatic profession was a sort of refuge for very many who had not the ability to enter any other profession, and who imagine assurance can pass for talent; that they apparently despise the calling by which they earn their living, and that these parasites, who generally through accident gain an entrance to the profession, never cling to it any longer than they can help, and that after leaving it their conversation is invariably of a condemnatory character of the people and everything connected with the calling.

It is almost superfluous to point out the absurdity of the views attributed to this gentleman. It is doubtless true that there are actors and actresses who are of no particular credit to the profession; but anyone who knows anything about stage management will laugh at the assumption that assurance could pass muster in lieu of talent. Why, there are managers in this city who engage aspirants for histrionic honors only on condition that they take with the audience the first night. This, of course, could not apply to anything but a variety performance. Still, it is a point in case to show the fallacy of Mr. Somborn's utterance. We do not question the fact that the professional ranks would be improved if they contained a larger proportion of refined and educated people. But the public wants talent above everything else, and cares little for the social and intellectual status of individual actors.

The assertion about actors despising the calling to which they belong is simply preposterous, and refutes itself. Nor is the statement about their condemnatory reference to it one whit more accurate. On the contrary, most professionals who have ended their theatrical career generally have an irrepressible desire to return to the stage. We can scarcely credit such an intelligent gentleman as Mr. Somborn with giving vent to such ludicrous opinions. It is more than probable that the reporter has drawn on his imagination for want of actual news.

The idea of establishing a school of acting in Brooklyn is a good one. Technical training and a general course of dramatic instruction would be of great value to the large number of talented amateurs to be found in the Brooklyn societies. Acting for a livelihood and acting for recreation have very little in common. It would be far better from an artistic point of view if there were more stock companies in this country. Unfortunately, they are few and far between. Hence the average professional has a certain market value for a special line of parts. Sometimes an actor or actress will act the same character for a number of seasons on the road if the play happens to be very successful.

There is no question, therefore, that an educated amateur with technical training and ample practice in stage performances previous to entering the profession would have an immense advantage over the ordinary Thespian if backed by an equal amount of talent. The New York School of Acting has proved that to some extent. The *Mirror* has always been an advocate of artistic progress in theatrical matters, and will gladly support any earnest endeavor to impart competent dramatic instruction.

NOTES.

The Knights of Labor, a new romantic melodrama by Miss Annie Lewis, was presented to good audience at the Grand March and a talented company of Washington amateurs. The cast consisted of James Doyle, Jean Houston, Thomas Ross, R. A. Hiller, Louis Davis, F. B. Day, John Doyle, James Cavanaugh, Miss Novella Houston, Miss Helen McLaughlin, Little Ivy and Herbert Charter. The parts were nicely sustained and Miss Novella Houston as Lilley Grant, was exceptionally good. She is quite pretty and evinces considerable natural talent. She is a daughter of Mr. Houston, one of the lessees of The Grand. Jean Houston, who also took a leading part, is a son, and is now treasurer of the house.

The Amaranth performance of Forbidden Fruit on Wednesday evening, March 9, at the Brooklyn Academy will be duly noticed next week.

The Bulwer will present David Garrick at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening, March 15. Thomas Platt is to impersonate the title role.

Letters to the Editor.

DISCOMFORTS OF THE ROAD.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 1, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—Dear Sir:—For a long time I have intended to write you complaining about the rooms (heaven save the mark) designated as dressing-rooms for artists. It is simply shameful to think that so little regard is paid to the comfort and convenience of ladies and gentlemen. Among the very worst in the country I desire, especially, to mention York, Pa. Imagine the dirtiest place you ever saw, and you may form some idea of the rooms there. Next comes Columbus, O.—a coal cellar would be clean in comparison. The dirtiest of all, however, are at Petersburg, Va. These are only a few of the worst.

I think that all our people should send in complaints. I have noticed that you have already mentioned the evil. It is a great one. Be the rooms never so small, they can at least be clean. The press only can bring about a reform.

I want to complain also about the unhealthy heating of the railway cars. Are the conductors and brakemen in league with the coal merchants, and do they receive a percentage on every ton they burn? I believe it must be so, for the stoves are kept red-hot all the time. To-day is warm down here, but getting to Birmingham we were stewed, fried and broiled on the train. Everybody complained of the heat, but they kept shovelling in the coal. When we asked why they said, "It's against the rules to let the fire go out. Are the trains run for the comfort of passengers? No—decidedly No (a big N please). Some of the cars are not swept once a week, and soap and water are strangers to them. The waiting rooms are another source of annoyance. The employees are so overzealous that a poor, inoffensive little lap-dog must put its nose inside the door unless you first put your hand in your pocket, in which case they don't see the canine exile. The porters on the sleeping cars help to make travel odious. A case in point: when we changed cars at Savannah, a few weeks ago, on a Sunday evening at nine o'clock, I asked the porter as I entered the sleeper, "Will you be kind enough to make up my berth as soon as possible? I am not well, and I wish to retire." "Can't do it until the train starts," he replied; "it's against the rules." The train started at 10. At 11:30 the two porters had made up only four berths. The conductors side with the porters, and you have no redress. Don't the travelling public deserve any better attention on the part of the railway companies? Should their employees be permitted to smash your trunks, take you alive and give you no comfort or protection for your money? We who travel all the time cannot afford to fee porters on every trip. I believe that only the complaints of sufferers and the strictures of the press will compel these corporations to treat their patrons decently. Most respectfully yours,

Mrs. Ella Wren,
Mile. Rhea's Company.
P. S.—Having been thirty years in the profession, and suffered much, I have a right to complain.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

A correspondent writes to know if I have ever heard of Mrs. James Brown Potter and whether she is the heir to the Syrian throne. Evidently my correspondent does not regularly read my esteemed contemporary, the *Yangtze Kiang Boycotter*, else he would not need to be told that Mrs. James Brown Potter is the sister-in-law of the nephew of the grandfather of the young Emperor of China's uncle's son. It is amazing what ignorance prevails just at present in regard to these very ordinary matters.

Mrs. Langtry is very well pleased with her present tour. She says that the net profits have averaged \$5,000 a week. She does not play in New York again this season, but arrangements have been made for the inauguration of her next tour with an extended engagement in a new play at the Fifth Avenue.

Herbert Kelcey asks me to say that his contract with Mr. Frohman for next season at the Lyceum is for entire and absolute leading business.

Franklin Sargent has been drilling the pupils of his Lyceum School for several months in Moliere's *Les Precieuses Ridicules*. This has never, I believe, been given here. The little classic will be given on the 23d of this month in the afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre, together with the curse scene from *Leah*, an act of Adrienne Lecouvreur and that charming dramatic episode, *The Cape Mail*. The matinee is intended to show the practical results achieved by the School since it came under Mr. Sargent's sole and capable direction. On Wednesday afternoon next the profession and others will be invited to witness some exercises illustrating the methods of the institution.

Mr. Sargent is earnestly and modestly developing his pet idea, and it is getting to be sound in basis and more thorough in scope than when it left the somewhat reckless and visionary control of Mackaye, Frohman and Co. The course of study is becoming more and more practical and useful. The director is convinced that the teaching of people that have actually had experience in the various departments of stage work can accomplish more than the vapid dissertations of theorists. For example, Tom Gossman has lately been telling the students all he knows—which is a good deal—about stage mechanism, properties and nomenclature. His talks have been interesting if not Addisonian, and the listeners have acquired a lot of knowledge thereby. There is room—nay, there is need—for a school like the Lyceum in this country, and Mr. Sargent has unquestionably the nucleus of a most valuable establishment.

Nat Goodwin thinks that Big Pony comes nearer Gilbert and Sullivan's best work than anything that has been written on this side of the pond. His part is the development of a capital idea in the way of satire upon the noble red-man. It is partly indicated by the dress he will wear—a mixture of war-paint, crush-hat, moccasins, dress-suit and feathers. The gentlemanly savage is a new thing in comic opera. But how will he go with the public? We shall soon see.

A party by the name of Barnum seems to be in town.

Mr. Stewart, of the Strobbridge Company, points with pardonable pride to the huge lithographic posters that adorn the entire Twenty-sixth street side of the Madison Square Garden. Men were covering them with a coat of varnish yesterday to keep out the damp when Mr. Stewart proudly pointed out their merits. Among other things he told me that it is the largest stand of bills ever posted, consisting of 1,531 sheets. They are in four colors, and the weight of the stones from which they were printed aggregated 240,000 pounds. Work on these was begun in November last and continued until a few weeks ago. The variety is enormous, and the whole achievement a marvel in its way.

The Actors' Fund.

Last week the Executive Committee ordered relief to be given to six applicants. Two applications were rejected. Eight applications will be considered this week.

Expended in relief last week, \$436.93, including two funerals and a druggist's bill for three months, the latter amounting to \$102.83.

The Trustees met on Thursday. Routine business was transacted.

A special meeting of the members of the Fund will be held at the rooms on March 31 to consider an alteration in the by-laws. New members and annual dues paid in: William Cullington, Abbie Pierce, Mrs. Harry Colton, John W. Townsend, Eliza Peters, Otis Bernard, George H. Whitman, Ralph Delmore, Charles E. Borgman, Charles Branne, Aggie Hamilton, Louis Eagan, Philip A. Paulcraft, Lettie Waterman, William MacLean, Thomas Dunnigan, John C. Martin, George H. Rhind, Alice E. Greason, J. H. Fitzgerald, Thomas Neff, Ione Laag. Donation from W. Irving Bishop, \$10.

In the Courts.

THE AUTHORSHIP INVOLVED.

The crop of alleged authors of plays who desire to get royalties from stars is evidently unlimited. The last to appeal to the courts is Mary E. Rendle, who claims that Mme. Janauschek has been using her play since 1876. Mrs. Rendle asserts that she is the author of *Chesney Wold*, or *Bleak House*, as it is more frequently termed. She alleges that she sold the play to Mme. Janauschek under an agreement that she should receive five dollars every time the play was presented. Dating her claim back to 1876, there is quite a neat little sum due Mrs. Rendle, if she can convince a court of the validity of her demand. It is not less than \$2,500. To ascertain the exact amount, however, Mrs. Rendle obtained an order from the Court compelling Mme. Janauschek to give testimony on the point before trial. The matter came up in court this week on a motion by the counsel for Mme. Janauschek that this order be vacated. It was urged on madame's side that Mrs. Rendle did not write *Chesney Wold*, or have any interest in it. Judge Andrews decided that if Mme. Janauschek submitted affidavits on the subject he would grant the motion to vacate the order.

RATHER PROFITLESS VERDICTS.

Misses Annie Lee and S. S. Cochran, two ballet-girls who were dismissed from the National Opera company, brought suits to recover \$426 and \$560, respectively, claimed to be due them as wages. These suits came up for trial a day or two ago in the Supreme Court. Four lawyers appeared and everything was ready for taking testimony, when one of the lawyers for the defendants got up and said that there was no use in trying the cases, as the company had been put in the hands of a receiver, and if judgments were given for the plaintiffs they would get no benefit. At best they could only get a *pro rata* share of the company's assets. This would be given them without judgments if their claims were valid and if any assets should be found. Judge Ingraham ordered verdicts for the plaintiffs, with costs for the full amount.

WALDRON'S SUIT DISMISSED.

The suit of Nelson Waldron against Marshall Mallory and A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, for damages and royalties in using a double stage whose appliances, he says, were patented by him, has been dismissed by Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court.

Forlorn Maid of Belleville.

All the members of the Maid of Belleville Opera company have arrived in town. The company left this city on Feb. 13 and opened in Toronto on the following night. Attachments followed the company from the first stand, and before leaving Toronto the members sadly realized that the "backer" was a myth. The tour was under the management of George Lederer and Robert Grau. Robert Welles, one of the victims, related in substance the following story, punctuating it with bursts of indignation:

"Much of our baggage is still in Toronto, held by a hotel proprietor for unpaid board-bills. When we left for Montreal, Mr. Lederer remained behind, saying he would pay the bills. We did a fair business in Montreal, but a representative of the Grand Trunk Railway attached the receipts for cost of transportation. Some members of the company were given a little money—two or three dollars apiece—at the end of the week. But most of them received nothing. On Monday, Feb. 28, we left for Quebec, but were snowbound and did not reach that city until 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening. We opened on Wednesday evening to a good house. On Thursday, at the instance of officials of the Grand Trunk Railway, Manager Grau was arrested for alleged swindling, and when we got away he was still languishing in jail. The principals attempted to keep the company together in the hope that business would pick up; but the scandal of the arrest told severely against us. Such members as had money or valuables were enabled to leave for home on Friday. Through the kindly efforts of Samuel Harris, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Proprietor Russell, of the St. Louis Hotel, the rest got away on Saturday."

Affairs at the Lyceum.

"The business of the Lyceum Theatre the past season," said Daniel Frohman to a MIRROR reporter, "has been excellent, and Miss Dauvray has proved herself to be a shining star. After Miss Dauvray has concluded her engagement I shall present, most probably in May, a new comedy which belonged to the late E. A. Sothern. It was written by Madison Morton, Robert Reece, the famous farce-writer, and Mr. Sothern himself, and it was the intention of the comedian to star in the piece through this country."

"I read the play several months ago, and found the leading part so well adapted to the capabilities of the actor's talented son that I have engaged him for the part, with the sanction of Miss Dauvray. The piece is a comedy of the Robertsonian school, full of humor and dramatic variety. In addition to Mr. Sothern's part, it is suited to the talents of a good comedy company. I shall make no effort to keep the Lyceum Theatre open during the Summer, but will open the house for a preliminary season, in September, with *The Great Pink Pearl*, by Cecil Raleigh, who is to come over and stage manage the piece. A special company will be engaged for the production, as I intend reserving my own company for the opening of the regular season in November."

The Mirror Memorial Monument Fund.

Amount Subscribed, — \$4,275.10

A brief summary of the work in connection with THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund may not be uninteresting now that the subscription is practically at an end. When it is borne in mind that nearly \$4,300 has been raised by voluntary subscriptions on the part of the profession and its friends in the comparatively brief period of eight weeks, all concerned have reason to be greatly satisfied with the result.

The Editor of THE MIRROR sent out an appeal through this paper on Jan. 8 last for \$2,500, the amount needed to complete the monument. Charles L. Willamier, of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, was the first subscriber. H. C. Miner was the first manager, Emie Lascelles the first actress, Thomas C. Orndorff, of Worcester, Mass., the first MIRROR correspondent, and the Romney Rye combination the first company to subscribe to the Fund.

The following are some of the stars who have contributed: R. B. Mantell, Agnes Herndon, John T. Raymond, Fanny Davenport, Kate Castleton, Edward Harrigan, Cora Tanner, Edwin Arden, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Nobles, Phosa McAllister, Graham Earle, Maggie Mitchell, Kitty Rhoades, Joseph Hawthorth, C. A. Gardner, Augusta Van Doren, Helen Dauvray, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Ezra F. Kendall, Mrs. W. J. Florence, Florence Bindley, Henry Irving, Dan Sully, Neil Burgess, Henry T. Chanfrau, Edwin F. Mayo, Joseph Murphy, Mme. Janauschek, Minnie Madden, Gus Williams, Adelaide Moore, Patti Rosa, Roland Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron, Rachel McAuley, Frank Mayo, J. R. Grismer, Helene Adell and Benjamin Maginley.

The members of the companies mentioned below have contributed to the Fund: R. B. Mantell company, Casino company, Romney Rye company, Ullie Akersstrom company, Margaret Mather company, John T. Raymond company, Fanny Davenport company, Casino Travelling company, We, Us & Co., Kate Castleton company, Arthur Rehan's company, Harrigan's Park Theatre company, Atkinson and Cook company, Alone in London company, Edwin Arden company, Milton Nobles company, Taken from Life company, Graham Earle company, Two Johns company, Maggie Mitchell company, Michael Strogoff company, Hoodman Blind company, Mrs. D. P. Bowers' company, Held by the Enemy company, W. J. Florence company, Heroine in Rags company, W. H. Power's Ivy Leaf company, Little's World company, Dan Sully's company, Daly's Theatre company, Chanfrau company, Edwin F. Mayo company, Joseph Murphy company, Janauschek company, McCaull Caull Opera company, Under the Gaslight company, Minnie Madden company, Gus Williams company, Fantasma company, Lights of London company, Silver King company, Lost in London company, Patti Rosa company, Sparks company, Gilmore's Devil's Auction company, Oliver Byron company, Frank Mayo company, Grismer-Davies company, Melville Sisters company, Helene Adell company and May Blossom company. Besides these seventy or eighty more companies are represented by individual subscriptions.

A. M. Palmer, Frank W. Sanger, H. C. Miner and Henry E. Abbey are among the managerial contributors whose names appear on the list. The attaches of theatres in Brooklyn, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Worcester and elsewhere gave substantial aid, as did the Benevolent Elks, the ever active and generous correspondence corps of THE MIRROR, and a large number of playgoers friendly to professional interests. Annie Wood has already been highly commended for her laudable, persistent and successful efforts in behalf of this object.

There have been altogether nearly fifteen hundred subscribers to THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund.

We have received since our last issue the following additional subscriptions:

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Maud Peters | \$1.00 |
| Mrs. Charles Peters | 1.00 |
| Louise Ripley | 1.00 |
| Griffith Morgan | 1.00 |
| Total | \$4.00 |
| Previously acknowledged | 4,271.10 |
| Total amount subscribed to date | \$4,275.10 |

THEY HAVE COME TO THE FRONT.

Harrison Grey Fluke, the editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, made an appeal to the theatrical profession on the 8th of January, through the medium of his popular journal, for contributions amounting to \$2,500, which sum was required to complete the Memorial Monument for the Actors' Fund in Evergreens Cemetery. In the issue of THE MIRROR of the 5th instant, Mr. Fluke announced that the profession responded almost spontaneously to his appeal, and not only has the amount asked for been received, but \$691.50 additional—the total contributions, within four weeks, amounting to \$3,191.50. The surplus amount, and whatever further contributions may be received, will go toward placing uniform granite headstones above each of the graves in the Fund plot. Mr. Fluke, who is the Secretary of the Actors' Fund, was ably seconded in this worthy movement by his staff of correspondents throughout the country. Nearly one thousand persons contributed to THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund. W. C. Deal, of the Grismer-Davies company, is the only Californian whose name appears on the list of contributors. J. D. Maxwell, the local correspondent of THE MIRROR, says in his letter of January 25 that he had placed a subscription-blank in the box-office of each of the theatres, and one manager promised to interest himself in raising any amount that might be named. It is to be hoped that the profession of this city will do something toward the Fund, for it is about time. It is five years ago since the first and only benefit was given by the profession here in aid of the Fund, which has since been drawn on to aid destitute professionals for various amounts exceeding the receipts of that benefit. George Osbourne, on behalf of the Alcazar management, has offered the use of that theatre for a Fund benefit, and it is to be hoped that the matter will not be confined merely to promises, as has so often happened whenever the subject of a benefit has been broached.

WORKERS, NOT TALKERS.

New York Union.
Grant's Monument Committee should call at THE NEW YORK MIRROR office and find from its editor how to get funds to build a monument. A few weeks back THE NEW YORK MIRROR called for subscriptions to build a monument to be placed in the burial lot of the Actors' Fund, and in four weeks the editor received over \$700 more than the sum required. The promptness of the givers and their liberality being only equalled by the influence and modesty of the organ of the profession—such is journalism and the members of the dramatic profession in America. They are workers and givers, and not talkers of charity, or noble conduct. Make a note of this, all ye committees.

Brooklyn Times.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR's Memorial Monument Fund continues to grow like the green bay tree. It has now reached \$4,185.85.

The Denver (Col.) Play.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has succeeded in raising the amount necessary to erect the memorial shaft for the

Actors' Fund plot in Evergreens Cemetery. The sum was raised by subscriptions. The work was a noble one, for which THE MIRROR deserves all praise.

A MEMORABLE JOURNALISTIC FEAT.
Washington (D. C.) Public Opinion.

The remarkable success of THE MIRROR Memorial Monument Fund has excited widespread comment. The press allude to it as a memorial journalistic feat, and say just tribute to the proverbial generosity of the profession as exemplified by this incident.

Gossip of the Town.



Loie Fuller's picture appears above. The return of the popular little soubrette to the Bijou stage is a subject for congratulation.

Charles Gayler has completed a melodrama of New York life.

New York has more new theatres on paper than ever before.

Marie Steers has been engaged as soubrette with W. J. Scanlan.

The Sunday evening concerts at the Casino will be resumed in April.

Marguerite Saxton has left George C. Miln's company and returned to the city.

Patrice left the city this week for Kansas City, where she rejoins Roland Reed.

May Blossom opened the new Opera House at Port Clinton, Ohio, on Tuesday night.

Henry E. Abbey's office will be removed tomorrow (Friday) to No. 1286 Broadway.

Ethel Brandon has left Arthur Rehan's company and been replaced by Adele Waters.

Emily Yeamans has been engaged by Mart Hanley for Harrigan's Park Theatre for next season.

Jaquarine recently vanquished the champion swordsmen of the United States Army in San Francisco.

Frank C. Cooper, manager and agent, is in the city disengaged. Mr. Cooper was formerly a journalist.

Carrie Tuttle is to go starring in a new play for the comedy part in which Charles Coote has been engaged.

J. F. Hartley, at one time on the *Herald*, and recently with Kellar the Magician, is in the city for a few weeks.

Genevieve Ward will play her last engagement in this city this season at the Windsor Theatre, opening March 28.

Aaron Appleton has been engaged by Will Cowper to manage Blackmail, which resumes its tour in April at Baltimore.

William Daly, formerly with The Little Tycoon company, has been engaged as the manager of the Bijou Opera House.

Over \$10,000 was taken in during the first hour of the sale of Bernhardt season tickets at the Star Theatre on Monday morning.

Julius Cahn has been engaged by John A. Stevens as business manager and advance agent of the Passing Shadows company.

It is rumored that Joseph Haworth will go starring next season in the legitimate and under the management of William R. Hayden.

Ed. Chapman will open at Norwalk, Conn., tomorrow (Friday) night in The Two Tramps, under the management of Chapman and Sellers.

Tony Williams, of the Corinne company, asks us to state that he has not been married to Nellie Austin, of Philadelphia, or anybody else.

The report that Rhea would shortly close her season is contradicted by Owen Ferree, the lady's manager, who writes that his star is booked up to June.

Manager James E. Fennessy, of Cincinnati, is in the city at present arranging for the early production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddygore*, at Heuck's Opera House.

E. Brooks, late musical director of the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, has been engaged in the same capacity for *Sweatnam Rice* and *Fagan's Minstrels*.

The Lyceum Theatre next season will have three excellent actors in the stock—Herbert Kelcey for leading, Henry Miller for leading juvenile and Nelson Wheatcroft for leading heavy.

Sweeney and Ryland have been engaged by S. P. Coney for the Howard Athenaeum Specialty company. At the end of the present season Mr. Coney goes to Europe in search of novelties.

Charles Reed, the minstrel, arrived from San Francisco on Sunday night. He is engaged to Stetson to appear as Robin Oakapple in the production of *Ruddygore* at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

John H. Branick, a young comedian at present with the Wages of Sin company, has been engaged by George S. Knight for the part of Snitz, Jr., in *Over the Garden Wall* for the next season.

The Dreams company, under Gus Bother's management, opens in Philadelphia at the Arch Street Theatre on May 23. The company will consist of the people now playing in Sanger's Bunch of Keys.

The next souvenir at the Casino will be a surprise. It will be given on the evening of Tuesday, April 12, to commemorate the 300th performance of *Erminie*—the longest run of any opera in this country.

Frank Evans, W. H. Hamilton, Nellie Sandford and M. J. Gallagher have been engaged for *Her Atonement*, which is to open a short season on the road in Hoboken on March 21, under the management of Hayden and Dickson.

The members of Daniel Bandmann's company have signed a card exonerating the actor from the charge of using violence toward a lady in his support during a recent misunderstanding in Trenton, N. J.

Every seat for the first Wednesday matinee of *The Old Homestead*, which took place yesterday at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, was sold before the box-office opened.

All of the songs and ballads sung at Dockstader's the present week are "requests." Burlesques on Ruddygore and Sarah Bernhardt in *Fedora* and *Camille* are in preparation.

Joseph Howard, Jr., is again on the *Herald*. He has taken an office in the Tribune Building. Mr. Howard is now writing letters regularly to the *Boston Globe*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Detroit Free Press* and eight other prominent out-of-town dailies.

In the Swim has been converted by its author, Sydney Rosenfeld, into a musical comedy, and is now in rehearsal in Philadelphia, where George C. Brotherton will produce it at the Arch Street Opera House after the run of *The Little Tycoon*.

In spite of Tony Pastor's continued warnings to out-of-town managers, that gentlemen is still receiving word to the effect that Walter Gray, of No. 621 Van Buren street, Chicago, is representing himself as the business manager of Tony Pastor's company.

Mrs. Henry Marston, widow of the late Henry Marston, and mother of Richard Marston, the scenic artist of this city, died in London on Saturday morning at the age of 79. She was for years a favorite of the London public, principally on the boards of Sadler's Wells.

The benefit to be given by Manager Frank B. Murtha and Henrietta Markstein, the pianiste, for the purpose of raising funds to establish free beds for working girls in city hospitals, has been arranged to take place at the Windsor Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 21.

The company engaged for the production of *Passing Shadows* at the People's Theatre next week is composed of Frederick de Belleville, Harry Eytling, Charles B. Hawkins, John C. Walsh, Albert Lang, John A. Stevens, Louise Balfe, Emily Lytton, Addie Cumming, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Cora Macey, Edith Bird and Mercedes Leigh.

George T. Clapham sailed for Europe on Tuesday on the *Weymouth* in the interest of *Sweatnam Rice* and *Fagan's Minstrels*. He will be gone two months, and has been given *carte blanche* to scour Europe in search of novelties. A number of features for the new minstrels, suggested by the Continental agent, will be seen and judged.

John Burke, advance agent of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, left for England on the *Weymouth* on Thursday. He will be closely followed by Charles Couturier and Thomas Cash, two other agents, who sail on the *Ariana* next Tuesday. These latter take over eighty cases of printing matter, which is the largest supply ever consigned to England from this city.

William Warrington says that *Skipped by the Light of the Moon* is making double the money it did last season. He accounts for this through the fact that Fowler and Warrington now own the skit and have no royalties to pay, and that the expenses of the company are greatly lessened. The company is playing this week at the Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D.

With the exception of five resting weeks in January and May, Denman Thompson is booked solid for next season. He opens in Bangor, Me., on August 29. On July 2, 1888, he opens for four weeks at the Baldwin, San Francisco. In all thirty-one week stands are booked. In some of these he plays from two to six consecutive weeks. The best theatre in each has been selected.

"I have just purchased by cable Henry Arthur Jones' play, *The Noble Vagabond*," said T. Henry French to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "and it is my intention to produce the piece, which is now running to big business at the Princess Theatre, London, in this city either this or next season, with a well-known star in the leading part. I shall then most probably put it on the road to tour the country. I saw the play while I was in London, and was very much pleased with it."

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Burgess and Mr. and Mrs. George Stoddard have taken apartments in Thirteenth street. Last week an attempt was made to burn Mr. Burgess' country-seat in the Navesink Highlands. The family were absent, but one of the people in charge happened to get up in the middle of the night and discovered that the hen-house adjoining the barn was on fire. A strong wind was blowing, and a few minutes later, but for the fortunate discovery, a disastrous conflagration, including many fine residences, would have resulted. Old clothes saturated with kerosene had been thrown into the hen-house and fired.

Bessie Byrne says that her recent matinee at the Union Square was attended with many troubles. Mr. Duff did not notify her that she could not have the Standard, which she had engaged and partly paid for, until four days before the date announced for the performance. She was disappointed in the engagement of certain people. Mr. Mansfield would not allow her picture to be placed in the lobby of the Union Square. Under the existing circumstances the performance was smooth and creditable. Miss Byrne is negotiating for a date at an uptown theatre for an engagement of a couple of weeks.

"I am preparing to go to California," said Louis Harrison when a MIRROR reporter met him the other day, "and shall leave in about two weeks. I shall star in California from six to eight weeks, opening at the Alcazar, San Francisco, appearing in *Out of the Frying Pan Into the Fire* and *Skipped by the Light of the Moon*. I may not return until near the close of Summer. While out there I shall produce my new play, by George H. Jessop, entitled *The Noblest Roman of Them All*. I am trying to secure rights to six or eight plays that have been produced here, but have not yet been seen on the Coast. My sister Alice does not expect to return East till next Spring."

In the Trenches, a war drama, will receive a first production at Yonkers, N. Y., on March 11 and 12. General Sherman, General Ewing and Colonel Fred. Grant will be present by invitation. The play will be presented under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. The company is very strong and reflects great credit upon Manager Charles Harkinson's judgment in selection. It includes Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff, Russell Bassett, Sam. E. Ryan, Charles Norris, Harry Rich, John W. Rennie, William D. Stone, John Burke, Miss Durand, Miss Hearn, Neffin and Irene Hall. L. W. Seavey is getting up new scenery.

9

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and the show business is following suit. All first-class attractions are playing to big houses, not withstanding all reports to the contrary. Every company's interests guarded and no towns will book more attractions than can be played with profit to the companies. Terms liberal. Have still some open time left for this season, and ready to book first-class attractions for next season. No show booked at 10, 20 and 30 cents. Short jumps and the best route to Denver or the Pacific Coast are some of our advantages.

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American Managers.



V.—WILLAM HENDERSON.

Mr. Henderson is probably one of the oldest managers—still in active service—in this country. It is not meant by this that he has the advantage of the others in age, but that he has been almost continuously in management for over thirty years. Like many others who have adopted and distinguished themselves in this profession, Mr. Henderson's parents were violently opposed to the stage. He was not allowed to enter a theatre until after he was sixteen years of age. This was in Philadelphia, his native city, in 1847. The young man had been educated as an architect and builder, and had made good progress in his studies when this visit to the playhouse changed the whole current of his career. He says he never shall forget the play or cast. It was Othello, with Fredericks in the title role, Julius Brutus Booth as Iago, Charlotte Cushman, Emilia; Susan Cushman, Desdemona; William Wheatley, Cassio. He soon found means to join an amateur society. In 1848 he joined the stock company of Meach's Museum, Philadelphia. The theatrical season opened, in all houses alike, on Sept. 1, and closed July 4. In 1849 Mr. Henderson went to Chicago, where he secured an engagement under the management of John B. Rice, at the Randolph Street Theatre. Chicago had 35,000 inhabitants, and \$30, \$40 and \$50 houses were good then. The average salary of a leading man was from \$15 to \$18 a week. Six tragedies and from six to twelve other plays were an ordinary week's work.

The young actor next went to Detroit as leading man, and had varying success there and in other places until 1856, when he went to Newark, N. J. Here he first assumed the managerial functions, having leased a house for the rest of the season. Harry Hottis was in the stock, playing comedy parts and painting scenery. The season lasted five months, and the young manager made some money. His next venture was in Albany, where he secured the Green Street Theatre at \$2,000 a year rental—he could have bought the place for \$8,000. George L. Aiken, who dramatized "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was leading man. Brougham, Lola Montez and many other stars of the day appeared here under Henderson's management. Mr. Henderson had meanwhile married Miss Etta Lewis, daughter of Harry Lewis, who is now the oldest comedian in the world, and living with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson at their home at Long Branch, N. J. Mrs. Henderson, who has since gained considerable fame as a dramatic writer, was also a member of her husband's company. At the close of the season at Albany the manager found that he was just \$10 out of pocket after paying all expenses. Mr. Henderson then went South and played one season of tragedy, in Memphis, Montgomery and other towns. In Nashville he met William Waller, just arrived from Pittsburgh, who informed him that there was a good opening in the latter city for an energetic manager. He immediately wrote to Colonel Simpson, the owner of the house there, who in about two weeks answered with an invitation to come on. The Colonel was the law partner of Edwin M. Stanton, later the famous War Secretary. War clouds were looming—this was January, 1860—and he was not very gracious to the young manager from the South. Besides, Simpson had owned the theatre for thirty-two years, and had always lost money on it. This was not encouraging.

Mr. Henderson had now determined never to act again, and immediately hired the house at \$90 a week, paying a month's rent in advance—which was so extraordinary at that time and in that place that the Colonel was dumbfounded at first, and on recovering hysterically insisted on treating every one he met for several days afterward. Here The Octoroon was produced and had a wonderful success, running two weeks. The company was brought from New York, and consisted of Harry Hottis, as Salem; W. Reeve, Pete; James Carden, McCloskey; W. B. Hamblin, Indian; Mrs. Horace Nichols, old woman; Jennie Cramer, Dora, and Miss Kimberley as the Octoroon. Boucicault, of course, got his royalty. At the close of the season Mr. Henderson leased the house for five years and made a success of it.

Probably a few of the names of those who played as stars and stock might not be uninteresting, so here they are at random: F. F. Mackay, J. S. Maffitt, McKee Rankin, George Chapman, John Norton, Joseph Sefton, J. E. Murdock, Chanfrau, John Keane, Ada and Minnie Monk, Annie Ward Tiffany, Louise Sylvester, Jennie Wertman (now the wife of Edwin Thorne, and who made her debut here as Eva), Proctor, John A. J. Nease, Hackett, Edwin Adams, Matilda Heron (whose manager at that time was the late Harry Palmer, afterward in partnership with Jarrett), Mme. Celeste, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams and the Florences. There was another house in Pittsburgh at this time—the Opera House—which had successively disgusted managers Charles R. Gardiner and C. D. Hess. This was leased by William Henderson, and successfully managed until 1871. At this theatre the new manager introduced the first matinees ever given West of the Alleghenies. Stars did not play at these afternoon performances, and the receipts used to run from \$450 to \$500. In this house, during Mr. Henderson's management, Edwin Booth received

the sum of \$4,150 for one week's engagement. This was Mr. Booth's banner week up to that time, and the manager of the house offered him a guarantee of \$75,000 for a six months' starring tour, which he refused.

Providence was the next scene of Mr. Henderson's labors. He went there immediately after leaving Pittsburgh, and was introduced to the Governor of Rhode Island and other prominent gentlemen. To these he unfolded his plans for building and managing a first class place of amusement, and his views were received so favorably that within forty-eight hours the scheme was an accomplished fact and \$100,000 subscribed. No time was lost, and on Dec. 4, 1871, the Providence Opera House was opened, under Henderson's management, by Cora Ritchie in Fashion. It was from this house that Lester Wallack received his first royalty for Rosedale, Henderson paying \$140 a week. Here was produced the Two Orphans for the first time outside of Union Square. It ran three weeks on a royalty of \$250 a week, and the management cleared over \$5,000. Barry Sullivan made his first hit in the United States at this house, and at the close of his engagement Mr. Henderson managed him successfully through New England. Mr. Henderson left Providence in 1877, and opened the Standard Theatre, in New York, which he ran until it was destroyed by fire in 1883. The following year he leased the Academy of Music, Jersey City, for five years. This must have been a successful speculation, as he has just concluded to buy the building outright and fix it over to suit himself.

Mr. Henderson is a man of a rather jovial and social disposition, although strict in business matters and a rigid disciplinarian. He has a remarkable fund of reminiscence and anecdote that makes him a very pleasant and interesting companion.

The Wild West Abroad.

"Our season at the Garden was unexpectedly successful," said Nate Salisbury to a representative of THE MIRROR yesterday. "We made the arrangement to come to New York as an experiment to ascertain whether the Wild West Show was good for anything as a winter entertainment under cover, and even if we had dropped \$30,000 or so the trial would have been valuable, inasmuch as a demonstration of the feasibility of the scheme pretty nearly doubles the value of the enterprise to its proprietors. But I am happy to say the experiment was altogether successful and we have come out winners by a considerable amount."

"The Show will go to England in a few weeks, and I am assured its success on the other side of the pond is a foregone conclusion. Over there the curiosity to see redmen, cowboys and all the other features of this exhibition is greater even than here. If the outcome reaches our expectations we will probably take the Show to Paris and put it under a roof for the winter season."

"The auspices under which we will appear in England are particularly good. Cody has met many Englishmen of position and title in the West, and he has been their pilot on many a hunting and scouting expedition. Support will be extended to him, therefore, in many influential quarters. It has taken some years in this country to obliterate the impression that got about concerning Cody before he came into the hands of those at present with him, on account of the gory romances of Ned Buntline and the sensational plays in which Cody played for several seasons. His real eminence as a frontier character was lost sight of and many people imagined he was more or less of a bogus hero. The Wild West, however, has changed all this. It has received the endorsement of the leading military authorities and marks of friendship and esteem have been extended to Buffalo Bill by Generals Sherman, Sheridan and others. You know he was for seven years the chief of scouts for the Government, and in that capacity did active and gallant service for his country. He is a man, every inch of him—an unlettered nobleman."

"What do the Indians think of the trip across the ocean? Well, I don't think they have given much thought to it; wherever Cody and I want to take them they are perfectly willing to go, for they have an abundance of respect and confidence in us both. We never have any trouble with our Indians. There is not one of them that drinks, and the alleged fondness of the race for fire-water we have found to be an exaggeration. They like the nightly performances, but they go about them in the most serious manner. The Indian is an intelligent being in his own way, which is not the way of the white man or the white man's imitator, the negro. They are not imitative, and they do not relinquish their own ideas and customs; they have no histrionic talent whatever. If that were required of them our show would be tame indeed. They simply go out before an audience, and in all sobriety and earnestness go through their characteristic dances and habits of life. The camp at the Garden has been run on regular military principles, and the Indians are perfectly obedient to our discipline."

"What in my opinion is the future of the Indian? Well, that's hard to say. I have lived among them, and know the evils of the present system the Government employs in dealing with them. The agents, as a rule, are jobbers who sell fire-arms, liquor and other species of interdicted goods to the occupants of the reservations. Then, when drunkenness or a broil ensues, he calls for troops, and a lot of green soldiers arrive, kill a few Indians, arouse a whole tribe to rebellion, and the papers are filled with accounts of the atrocities committed by the Indians. The Government alone is to blame for these outbreaks in the majority of cases. The Indians under proper surveillance are docile and orderly; if they are allowed to observe their own laws they will not infringe those of civilization. They are monogamists, and society might learn a lesson in marital fidelity by observing poor Lo. They believe in the religion of their forefathers—the simplest imaginable form of deistic faith—and their desire is to conciliate the Great Spirit by good deeds, with a view to reaching the traditional happy hunting-grounds."

"An idea prevails that the Indians are being exterminated and are dying out rapidly. This is not true. In the past five years they have increased in numbers. The Indian population of the United States is now over 350,000. A remedy for the evils under the present system of dealing with them could be had if the Gov-

ernment would place the control of them in the hands of the military authorities instead of the Interior Department. With officers of integrity and tried executive ability, in place of the greedy agents, there would be an end to the grievances of the Indians and of their frequent warfairs."

"By the way, although the press has treated us with remarkable courtesy and kindness, it has lost sight of one point that certainly is worthy of note, and that is the thoroughly American character of the entire show. It is unique in this respect. In England we propose to keep the stars and stripes always floating above the exhibition, for we feel, aside from the business aspect of the trip, a national pride in its success abroad."

Probabilities.

Sure, life is a mixed up business.
Especially when it falls true
That you love the one
Who loves somebody else.
Who loves the one
Who loves you
If you love the right one. Ah! it's lovely;
But what you're more likely to do
Is to love the one
Who loves somebody else.
Who loves the one
Who loves you!
Joy and rapture forever go with it,
But you catch less of rapture than rue
When you love the one
Who loves somebody else
Who loves the one
Who loves you!
Yes! Love by all means and my blessing,
But, believe me, your chances are few
Of not loving the one
Who loves somebody else
Who loves the one
Who loves you.
And, sure, life is a mixed up business
Especially when it falls true
That you love the one
Who loves somebody else
Who loves the one
Who loves you.

E. V. S.

Professional Doings.

—Stella Kees, late leading lady with Edmund Collier, invites offers for next season.
—Frank E. Aiken and Jennie Crossman have joined Mme. Janin's company.
—Frank C. Cooper, manager or agent, is at liberty for the remainder of the season.
—Conrad's Opera company will play a Summer season at the National Theatre, Washington.
—The receipts for Booth's first night in San Francisco are given as \$5,000.
—Lawrence Martin's latest company went to pieces in Wilmington, Del., last week.

—Tracy Titus died in California the other day. He had been in bad health for some time.
—Oliver Byron plays three weeks in Chicago this season, opening his first on March 28.
—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Clifford have been engaged for London McCormack's company for the rest of the season.
—Work on Charles O. White's new theatre in Detroit will begin in May, and it will open early in September.

—Will C. Cowper will open in Blackmail in Baltimore on April 11. He has bought the play from Chapman and Sellers.
—Ollie Redpath, an "infant phenomenon" in the dramatic line, is starting to good business in the West and South.

—James M. Colville, of James A. Herne's company, writes THE MIRROR denying that the "male members" thereof became "demoralized" during a recent engagement in Milwaukee.
—Yesterday word was received at the Actors' Fund room that Cyril Seale was in a dying condition at Savannah, Ga. For the last fourteen weeks he has been provided for in a hospital there by the Fund.

—Manager James Collins has been re-engaged by the Ohio River Excursion of Cincinnati to look after the amusement interests of the Coney Island of the West.
—Virgil H. Macey, for a season or so an unsuccessful aspirant for histrionic honors, is now holding "protracted meetings" down South. Of course, he is very bitter against the stage and its people.

—The Ocean Theatre, Long Branch, N. J., with a seating capacity of 500 and full stock of scenery, will open about April. Manager Henry C. Foster is prepared to negotiate for attractions.

—J. H. Gray (colored), late treasurer and assistant manager of the Academy of Music at East Saginaw, Mich., is at liberty to receive offers. He has had fifteen years' experience on the road and as an attaché of theatres.
—Manager Charles Osgood, representative of Patrick Harris in Cincinnati, was on Feb. 3 presented by the attaches of Harris' Museum, in that city, with a gold watch and chain. Charles Zimmerman, treasurer of the house, bid the presentation act in good style.

—Way Waldron, who is doing good work with Robson and Crane as Phryne in The Comedy of Errors and Mistrum Page in The Merry Wives, is often annoyed by the confusion of his name with that of a circus performer. Mr. Waldron is the daughter of W. E. Dougherty, of the Evening Telegram.
—The following houses are to be remodelled for next season: The Pittsburgh Opera House at a cost of \$35,000; the Taylor Opera House, Trenton, N. J., at a cost of \$20,000; the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland; the Academy of Music, Rochester, at a cost of \$18,000; and Rand's Opera House, Troy, at a cost of \$20,000. The latter house may possibly be torn down and an entirely new theatre on the ground floor built.

—Frank Mayo closes his regular season in Reading, Pa., on March 26. The season has been extended from thirty to forty-two weeks. Mr. Mayo will rest in New York for a fortnight, reopening on April 31 for a preliminary season of four or six weeks. Sheridan Corbin writes: "This has been the most prosperous season Mr. Mayo has ever known. Nordeck having proved a better-paying play than even the famous Davy Crockett."

A Muscular Actor.

Melbourne McDowell, who looks so superb in his uniform of the Surgeon-General in Field by the Enemy, was with Fanny Davenport in Fedora for a number of years. He has a magnificent physique and an elegant stage appearance. It is said he can lift five chairs, piled on each other, off the floor with his right or left arm, and can easily "muscle" three chairs. He is built from the ground up, and is as solid as a key of nails. It is said that the champion heavy lifter of East St. Louis will challenge Melbourne McDowell, the heavy lifter of Field by the Enemy.—Com.

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Chorus of 40. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

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Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Stetson.

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In Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera,

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Or, The Witch's Curse.

Cast excellent, music charming, dialogue sparkling, scenery beautiful. Absolute and Unqualified Success!

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One week, commencing March 7.

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Having concluded a most successful engagement with the Clio Company, has returned to the city and is open for engagements for next season.
WHAT THE LEADING PAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES SAY:

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, in the title-role, showed crudeness in her art, but at the same time disclosed that she was possessed of the fire of which actresses are made. Her delineation full of tenderness for her father and love for Fabian in the earlier scenes was in fine dramatic contrast with the brazen air and degenerate stride of the courtesan the play unfolds in the fourth act. Her performance in this act was full of sustained power, and the closing of the third act was saved from disaster by the actress, who fairly snatched victory from failure by a thrilling bit of stage business.—*New York Dramatic Review*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, as Clio, looked the part to perfection, and acted with a fire and spirit that captivated her audience.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Miss Johnstone possesses sufficient ability to make an actress worthy the name. She has a magnificent voice, beautiful face and form, and a grace that is irresistible.—*Omaha Excelsior*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone made a beautiful Clio, excelling in the love scenes. In voice and figure she reminds one of Mary Anderson.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, as Clio, has grace, youth and beauty, and is simple, earnest and effective. In her Greek costume she was a charming picture of classic loveliness, and the heroine model made a model heroine.—*Washington Herald*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone and Fabian were the favorites of the evening.—*New York Herald*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone made a positive hit as Clio. She acted with genuine force throughout, and in the fourth act added conspicuously to the voluptuousness of the scene.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Sibyl Johnstone, who reminds us of Mary Anderson, gave a fine, intelligent performance of Clio.—*Kansas City Times*.

Miss Johnstone is more than equal to all demands made upon her.—*Washington Republican*.

Miss Johnstone gave a charming portrayal of the title-role.—*Chicago Times*.

Pretty and picturesque, Miss Johnstone acted with great intelligence and notable animation as Clio.—*Boston Herald*.

Miss Johnstone, who looks like Mary Anderson, was attractive, intelligent and sympathetic as Clio.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Miss Johnstone made an excellent impression. A beautiful woman by nature, she conceives and carries out the author's idea as very few women would be capable of doing in the fourth act. She rose way above the capacity of the stock actress, and became for the moment a star of no mean magnitude.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone possesses some characteristics that remind one of Mary Anderson, not only a resemblance in form and feature, but particularly in voice. She is fairly bubbling over with native power.—*Denver Tribune-Republican*.

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Aug. 29, Bangor, Me., (Open season).
" 30, " "
" 31, Augusta, Me.
Sept. 1, Lewiston, Me.
" 2, Portland, Me.
" 3, " "
" 4, Portsmouth, N. H.
" 5, Manchester, " "
" 6, " "
" 7, Concord, " "
" 8, " "
" 9, Keene, " "
" 10, Bellows Falls, Vt.
" 11, Brattleboro, " "
" 12, Fitchburg, Mass.
" 13, " "
" 14, Hudson, " "
" 15, " "
" 16, " "

Sept. 17, Waltham, Mass.
" 19, Chelsea, " "
" 20, Lowell, " "
" 21, " "
" 22, Lawrence, " "
" 23, Haverhill, " "
" 24, " "
" 25, " "
" 26, Providence, R. I., one week, Providence Opera House.
Oct. 3, Fall River, Mass.
" 4, New Bedford, " "
" 5, Brockton, " "
" 6, " "
" 7, " "
" 8, " "
" 9, Attleboro, Mass.
" 10, " "
" 11, Lynn, " "

Oct. 12, Lynn, Mass.
" 13, Worcester, Mass.
" 14, " "
" 15, " "
" 16, " "
" 17, New York City, two weeks, Niblo's Garden.
Nov. 1, Stamford, Ct.
" 2, Danbury, " "
" 3, Meriden, " "
" 4, Springfield, Mass.
" 5, " "
" 6, " "
" 7, Milford, " "
" 8, Woonsocket, R. I.
" 9, Pawtucket, R. I.
" 10, Willimantic, Ct.
" 11-12, New Haven, Ct.

Nov. 14, Brooklyn, N.Y., one week, Grand Opera House.
" 21, New York City, six weeks, 14th Street Theatre.
Jan. 2 until 22 company rest.
Jan. 23, Philadelphia, Pa., two weeks, Chestnut St. Opera House.
Feb. 6, Buffalo, N. Y., one week, Academy of Music.
" 13, Cleveland, O., one week, Euclid Avenue Opera House.
" 20, Cincinnati, O., one week, Grand Opera House.
" 27, Louisville, Ky., one week, Macauley's Opera House.
Mar. 4, St. Louis, Mo., one week, Olympic Theatre.

Mar. 12, Chicago, Ill., two weeks, McVicker's Theatre.
" 26, Detroit, Mich., one week, Grand Opera House.
April 2, Indianapolis, Ind., one week, Grand Opera House.
" 9, Pittsburgh, Pa., one week, Bijou Opera House.
" 16, Brooklyn, N. Y., two weeks, Grand Opera House.
" 30, Boston, Mass., two weeks, Boston Theatre.
May 14, rest, and en route to California.
July 2, San Francisco, Cal., four weeks, Baldwin Theatre.
" 30, Oakland, Cal., one week, Opera House.

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A CARD.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 1, 1887.

We the undersigned members of the Bandman n Company hereby state that the reports of the occurrence on Monday evening, at the Trenton Opera House, were maliciously false. We are all fully aware of the cause from which it emanated and think Mr. Bandmann wholly justified in wishing an understanding with the lady. Some of us were present during the whole affair and can testify that no violence was used. We consider the conduct of said lady unbecoming and unprofessional in the extreme. We are pleased to inform the profession, that our engagement with Mr. Bandmann has been highly satisfactory and that he is a most agreeable manager and amiable friend.

A. R. Brooks, Clay Clement, Frank Lander, W. J. Johnston, T. W. Waltham, Jr., Robert W. Boston, Master C. Tatum, Genevieve Beaman, Matt Marshall, Violet Black, Louise Beaudet.

P. S. This is a variation copy of the original which is in the hands of Morris Goodhart, Counselor-at-Law, 41 and 43 William Street, New York.

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Actors' Fund of America, notice is hereby given to the

members of the Association that a special meeting will

be held at the Rooms of the Fund, 15 Union Square,

New York, at 2 P. M. on Thursday, March 31, 1887,

for the purpose of considering an amendment to the By-

Laws, permitting the election of at least five honorary

members (to be selected from laymen) each year by the

Board of Trustees. By order of

A. M. PALMER, President.

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